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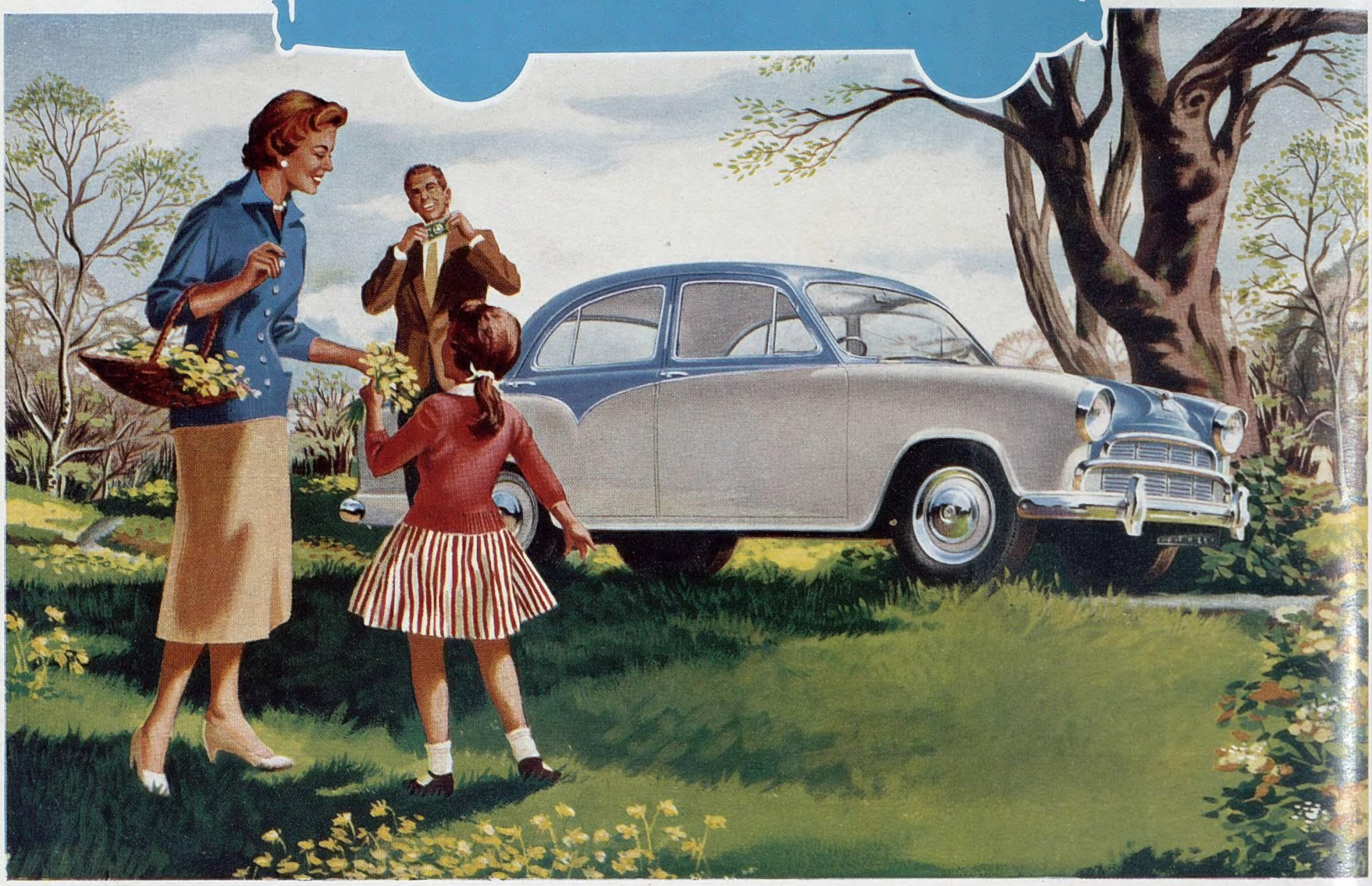

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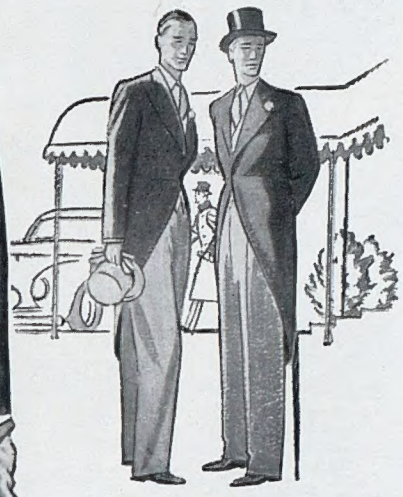

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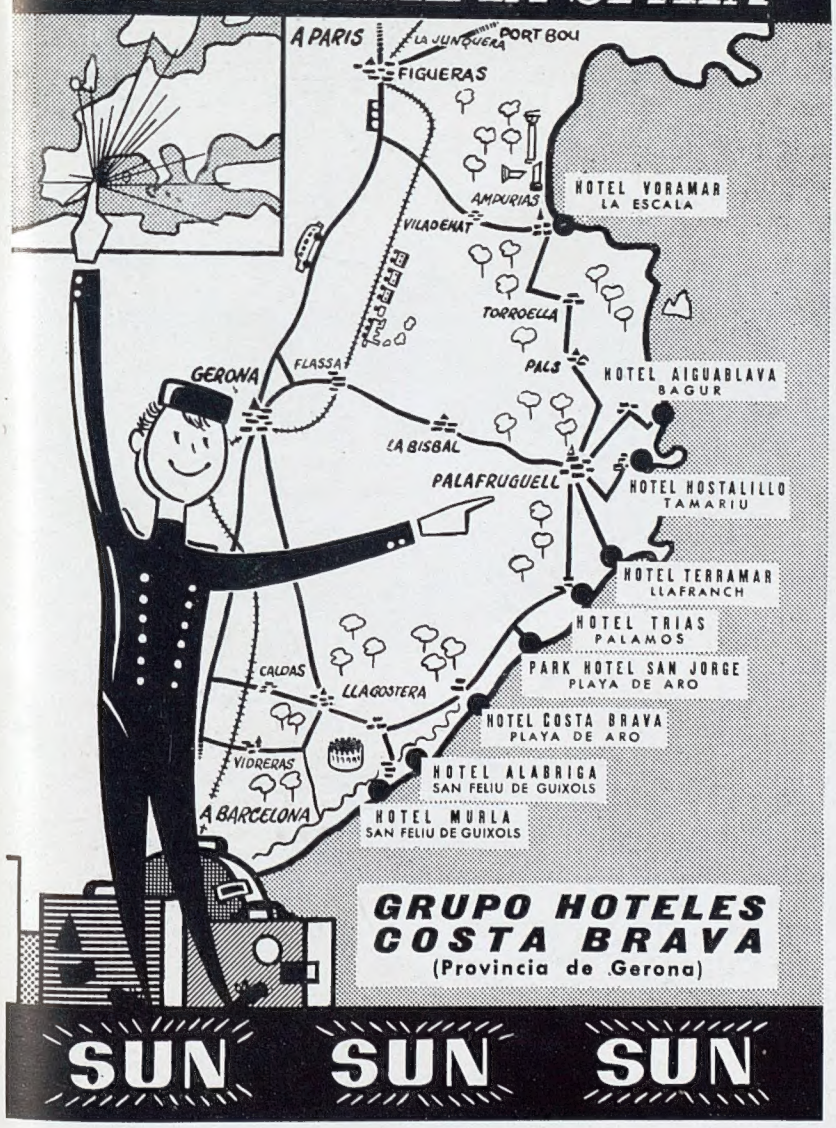

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MARK VIII SALOON

On choosing a JAGUAR

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3.4 LITRE SALOON

Volume CCXXXII No. 3026

The SPHERE, London, March 29, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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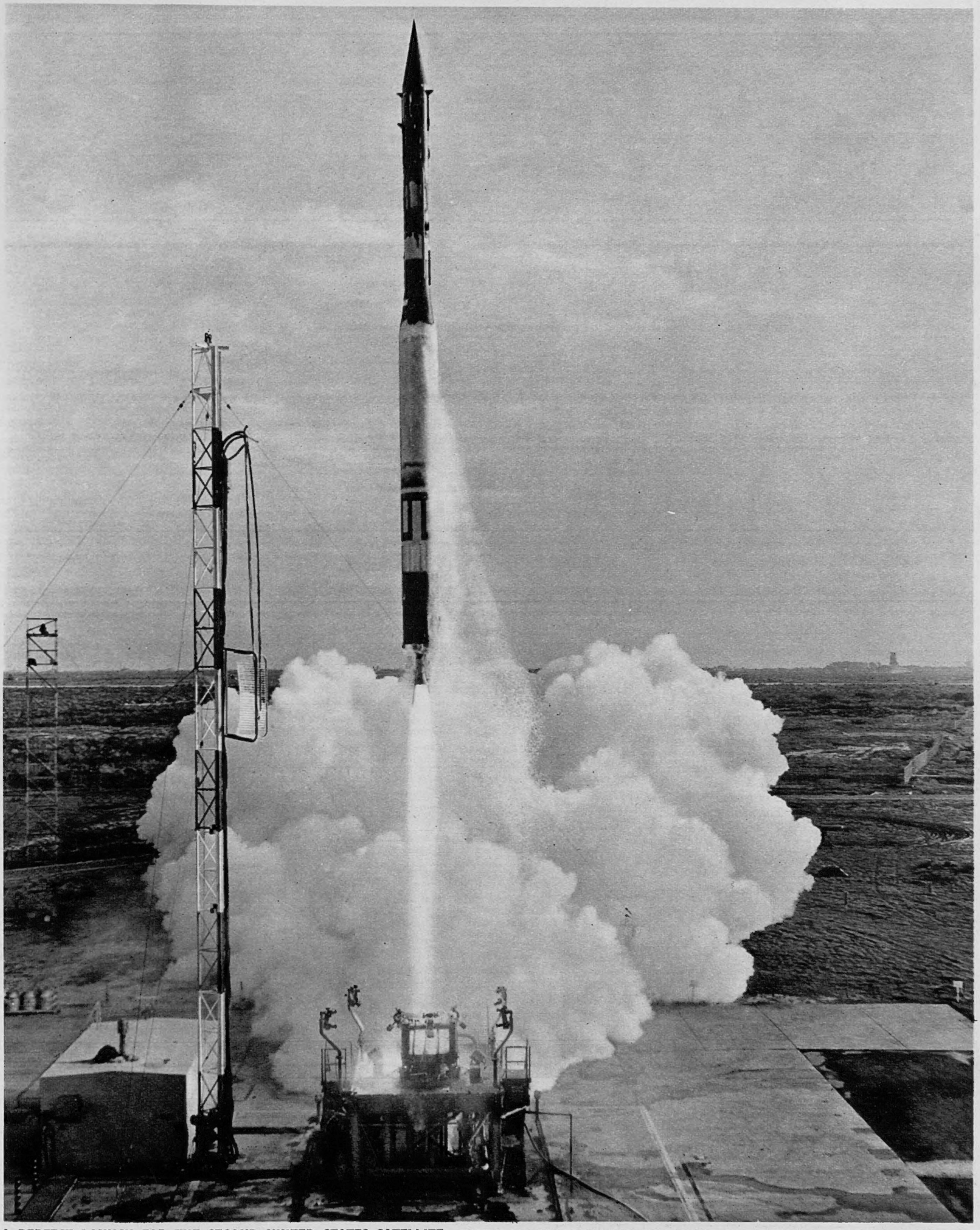

A PERFECT LAUNCH FOR THE SECOND UNITED STATES SATELLITE—SUCCESS FOR THE NAVY'S VANGUARD ROCKET AT THE THIRD ATTEMPT : The U.S. missile carrying the second American satellite rises from the launching pad at Cape Canaveral, Florida. Later, President Eisenhower announced that the orbiting of the new satellite was in a series of tests being made before the launching of larger satellites as part of the United States participation in the Geophysical Year.

At 12.16 G.M.T. on Monday, March 17, a slim, three-stage United States Navy Vanguard rocket, with a tiny 6.4-in. satellite installed in its nose, shot up at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, and climbed straight into the air. A little more than two hours later President Eisenhower announced to the world that America's second earth satellite, a sphere the size of a grape-fruit, had joined the Army's Explorer I and Russia's Sputnik II in orbit round the earth. The news was greeted with jubilation and, in the Navy, with relief. The two previous failures of this type of rocket had received world-wide publicity. In Washington members of Congress had begun to talk of cancelling the whole Navy satellite programme. (Further pictures of the launching on pages 490–91.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad 4½d.

THE LAST PRESENTATION PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE : Some of the 400 debutantes and members of their families queue outside the Palace for the last debutante party to be given by the Queen. Although it was the last party of its kind to be given in the Palace, Commonwealth debutantes will be presented to the Queen at one of the Palace Garden Parties in July. Another presentation party will be given by the Queen at Holyroodhouse.

" GENESIS " UP FOR SALE : Epstein's famous white Impressionist and modern paintings, sculpture and statue had been put up for sale by Sir Alfred Bossom sensation at its first showing in London. Other sculptur

A London Newsletter

A Perfect Launch.—The news that the U.S.A. has put another satellite into the now-congested spatial orbit had its brief and modest share of publicity—a nine-hour wonder. And there it will go, chirping its way round for five years or more. Its launching should normally have had one good effect, oblique and brief. My favourite Industrial Equity should have gained next day a rise of 6d., not because its intrinsic potential was improved, but because the news of the new sputnik would cheer up Wall Street, and British stockbrokers would benefit a few hours later by more buoyant hopes and markets. But that brief buoyancy did not come. The chirping sputnik has already lost its news value, and means no more to you and me than the ups and downs of day-to-day business on the Stock Exchange, where people thrive or starve on rumours and sudden shifts of hope or depression, usually unrelated to economic hard facts. For now at last the American recession has been recognised as the hard economic fact it is, and even a new sputnik fails to bring temporary optimism to stockbrokers and clients. Let us hope the life of this sputnik will be at least five times that of the American recession.

Sunday Observance.—For the past thirty years, I gather, I have been a law-breaker under the Sunday Observance laws of 1625, 1677 and 1780. I have always worked at my profession—not as an " emergency " but as a matter of habit. I do not expect to be haled before the judge, and my employer can be excused on the ground that he has not *compelled* me to work on Sundays. The truth is that, fortunately, my work is also my hobby. Without it, I should be bored stiff and poor in spirit no less than in purse. Although we had a bishop in the family, whose word was law, my parents interpreted Sunday observance liberally. The rule of our youth was that we should go to church on Sunday morning. After that, no sport or game was ruled out—not even the " devil's books." My father liked whist and piquet, and even our uncle, the bishop, who was an enthusiastic player of golf-croquet, tirelessly wore us down at that innocent game on Sunday afternoons in summer. My observations of " Continental Sundays " have not given me an impression of wickedness revolting to Englishmen. Happy family parties sitting in the sun in Paris parks or patient fishermen on the river banks seem to me a more innocent and open violation of the laws of God and man than hours spent in spelling through the filth from the Law Courts in a dirty Sunday paper—which is for perhaps a majority the favourite Sunday morning observance of the Briton—and probably the wireless and TV are excellent substitutes for the written word. If Sunday is made for man, I make no doubt my father's ordinance is still a good one for office workers and all others who throughout the week are denied fresh air and exercise. It is best to leave Sunday observance as a matter of conscience. I make no doubt that parish churches would be better filled, if a still more serious effort were made to prune the hymnal of turgid tunes and turgid words and to give training in extempore prayer, in the reading of lessons and the preaching of sermons not to exceed fifteen minutes : in short, to *warm* the churches in more ways than one. Angels and Ministers of State defend us from cranks and fanatics and busybodies ! Taking a tip from Melbourne, the House of Commons seem to have decided to " leave it alone," doing so in their peculiar way—non-compliance with Standing Order regulations. Non-compliance with existing laws, according to conscience, will continue to regulate our Sunday observance, and at the moment we have no cause to look down our noses at its observance in other countries.

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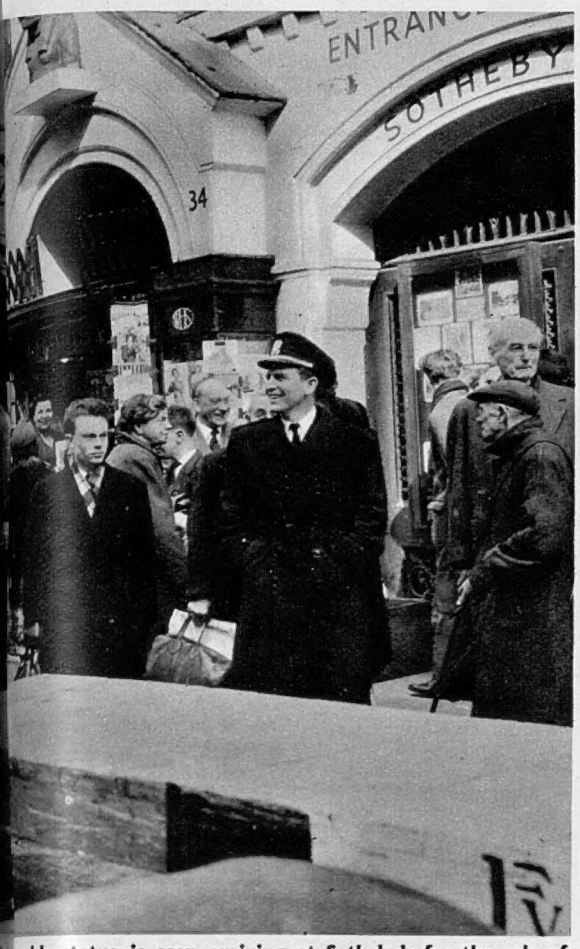
Kelvingrove.—A television " misrepresentation," the Rent Act, increasing unemployment and pension grievances fought against Mrs. Elliot in the last stages of her fight to hold her late husband's marginal majority at the Kelvingrove by-election. Mr. McCann (Rochdale) and the doughty Mrs. Braddock fired the last salvoes for Labour and made the most of those grievances against the Government. The nuclear issue played but a trifling part. Politics are spelt *pockets* at by-elections. In a ladies' battle the Tories could not have found a better candidate than Mrs. Elliot, but I doubt whether in the later stages of the election they expected to hold this marginal seat—for such it was at the time and in the circumstances in which it was fought. The swing from the Government in power was calculable mathematically, and nowhere more than in Glasgow would the Rent Act influence the uncertain. The Government's majority will remain workable after even half-a-dozen more by-election setbacks, and it stands to reason that Mr. Macmillan will hoard every month still available to him in order to gather in the harvest of his measures to improve our economy and rationalise injustices and anomalies ; and from that harvest, if it *is* gathered in large part and in time, to justify the policy of his administration and confidently ask a mandate to carry out another five-year plan.

Another Leak ?—The 1922 Committee composed of Conservative Back-Benchers are worried about leakage of their private discussions, especially when they exchange views with their political leaders. There 's a " chiel amang them " taking notes (or so they suspect). He has either a photographic memory or his shirt-cuff is used for shorthand or he conceals a tape-recorder strapped to his stomach. Worse still, his information finds its way into one or more daily papers. This suggests that the information is worth paying for, and since newspapers will pay high for a news-story, the leakage may be attributed to the high costs of living and to the difficulties of making two ends meet experienced by some of our overworked, underpaid M.P.s. All sorts of devices nowadays are used to try to find out what the man in the street is thinking and saying on a variety of questions, serious and trivial, by Gallup polls and publicised discussions, and it is a surprise to me that the thoughts of Ministers on their policies and on grave problems of the day so seldom leak out. Can it be that there is nothing to drip from the tap or that what drips is not worth the price of a news-story ? I doubt whether a Government leader tells the 1922 Committee all that is in his heart even behind closed doors. Perhaps he dare not, perhaps he cannot for lack of conviction. But I do feel that the present Government would be in happier relationship with its supporters in the country if it realised more precisely what ordinary people feel about the carrying of H-bombs over England and the establishment of rocket bases, and if the people knew more about the Government's and its Ministers' conscientious convictions on such matters. Here a little leakage would do good. Leakage of some kind goes on every hour of every day and the flood-water has become a sea, but foam and



...arble statue is seen arriving at Sotheby's for the sale of ...drawings, which had been arranged for last Wednesday. The ...I.P. It was executed between 1929 and 1931, and caused a ...t the sale included works by Henry Moore and Rodin.

spindrift conceal the set of the tides. It may well be that the "chiel" among the Back-Benchers is in too easy money.

Solved by Talking?—I should like to think that all the words and arguments poured out day after day by the Press and the B.B.C. and on platforms on the nuclear issue were justified by the intense interest of a vast majority of our nation. I doubt it. If it were so, the issues at by-elections would be very much less parochial; "grave seniors" would hardly secure the space or indeed spare the time to press for relief for consenting homosexuals or ardent men of taste to battle for amenities and artistic design or deplore the spoliation of beauty. When you realise that you are suspended by a hair over a precipice, you don't worry about having put on odd socks or the wrong tie. But the bulk of the nation does still worry over these small matters—small by comparison with world suicide—and I am beginning to think that most of us have become so *bored* with the nuclear controversy that we have come to regard most of it as the feeble efforts of a school debating society, whose members grope in the dark to express opinions picked up from headlines in their daily paper. Certainly, Ministers, professors and other pundits are not increasing their reputations for clarity in thought or expression. We know that many a trifling issue, hotly contested and seemingly insoluble, will suddenly die away. *Solvitur ambulando*. It is solved by walking. It can be solved by talking. A time comes when a long course of bromides does its work. And when talking reaches the stage of boredom that the nuclear issue has now reached, through its lack of self-confidence and often of sincerity and through the ham-handed efforts of speakers and writers to express themselves clearly, the hope arises in my breast that this frightful issue, also, might be solved by talking. The Russians, no doubt, are better able to endure such boredom than we are, but we are all in some sort vulnerable to human stresses, and a day might come suddenly when all humanity will rise from its seats, stop its ears and cry out: "Anything for a quiet life! Scrap the damned thing! Have it your own way. We are bored to distraction and to submission. Let's get back to parish-pump politics."

Fit For Heroes.—The charm of TV, which I seldom enjoy, lies chiefly in enabling the aged and the lazy to get a sight of historic or sporting events without the discomforts of travelling, queueing and jostling and enduring extremes of climate. Perhaps the televiewer gets only part of the thrill. He can't yet get the *smell* of the betting ring and the saddling enclosure, and he doesn't hear more than is good for him. But, at any rate, in the season of steeplechases and point-to-points, if he may not get all the best of it, he is spared the worst of it. For these sporting events inevitably fall at a time of year when the north-east wind is most keenly felt and blizzards are not ruled out. For my part, I can never remember feeling anything but chilly at any such meetings whether at Aintree or Cheltenham, Wincanton or in mild Sussex. But only once have my teeth chattered as I sat beside a piled-up fire while watching a steeplechase on TV, and that was on the recent blizzard day at Cheltenham. A word of praise is due to horse-power. While the pigskin heroes and their backers and fans were lost in the blizzard and bending under the icy blasts at Cheltenham, other horse-power heroes were skidding over icy roads and through snowdrifts to prove their manhood and the efficiency of their cars to take punishment. One may or may not be a fanatical devotee of horse-racing or car-racing, but we must all admit that horse-power is a dictator, and at this season laughs out of court the charge that we are a decadent race of men, growing soft and inert. I thought of those serried ranks of parked cars shrouded in snow at Cheltenham and wondered how late and in what state of discomfort the last of the fans got home. Next day an April warmth came to Cheltenham, and now the flat-racing season is on us again, and horse-power fans will reap the reward of their pluck.

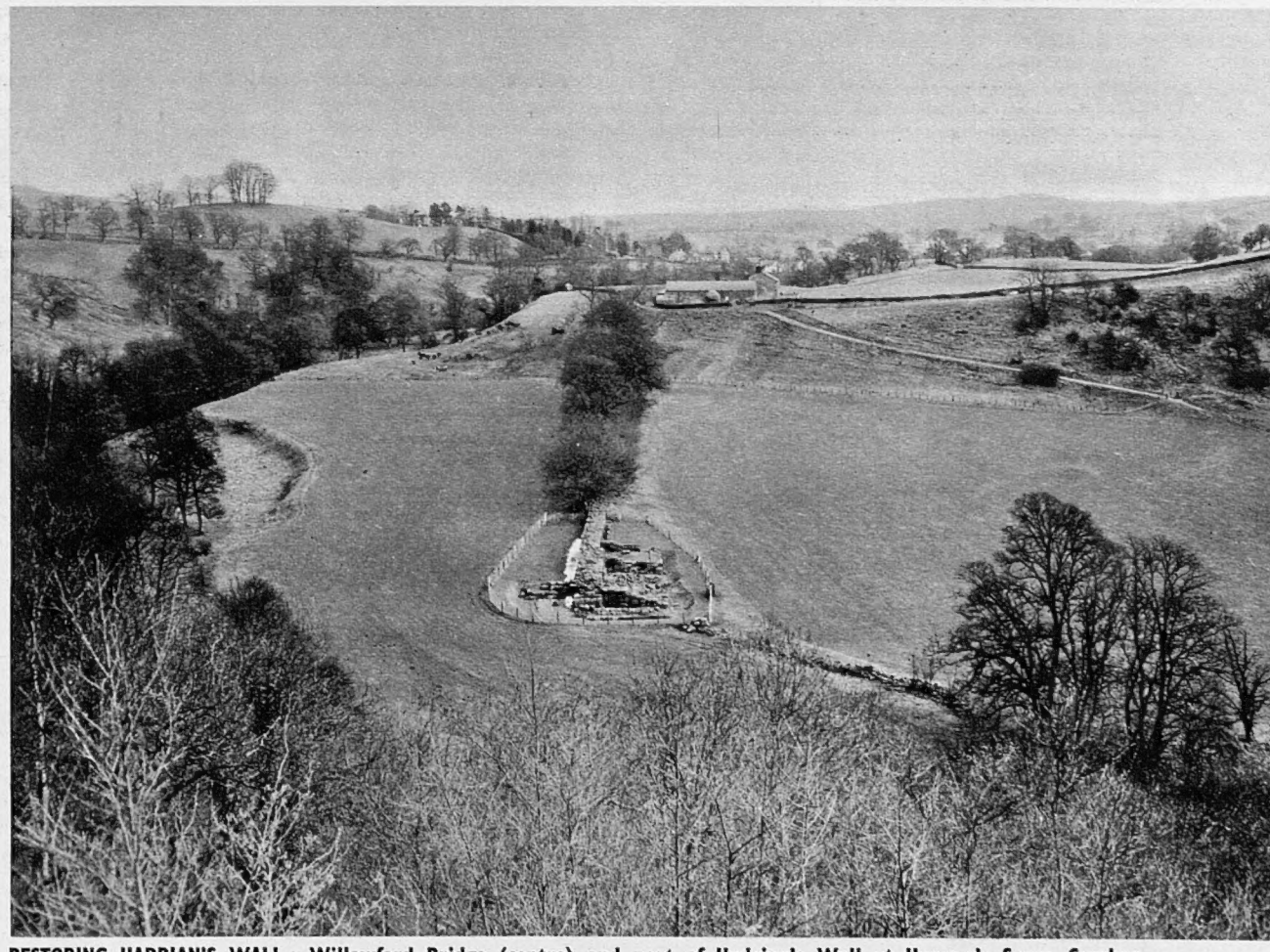
Royal Dynasties.—I am not *ami des Rois* nor *chéri des Princesses*. I know very little of what goes on behind the railings of palaces or the be-starred breasts of Sovereigns. But as a man in the street, who can only judge the worth and charm of Royalties in other lands from their photographs, I should have been as sorry as the Shah to part with Queen Soraya on "dynastic grounds." I have a sneaking feeling that with most dynasties, as with individual V.I.P.s, there is no such thing as indispensability. Amurath to Amurath succeeds, and often succeeds better. There is a piquant contrast between the cases of two charming consorts in the news on a single day. Princess Grace got 101 guns, Queen Soraya the bird, and all on account of a male child, more or less. Well, it's wonderful what a dynasty can do without a male child; and it is by no means certain that the history of the world would be changed for the worse if, in a miniature kingdom, a middle-sized or a mighty, the presence or absence of a male heir made or marred a dynasty. I am not even sure that in any country dynastic considerations justify a Sovereign in taking measures which may be deplored, even though they are legally justifiable, if taken by his subjects. A Sovereign is nearest to becoming indispensable when he rigidly sets a good example to his people. Bad habits are contagious.

"Well Lost For Love"?—I do not often see a "sensational" newspaper and may be at fault in believing that Princess Margaretha and Mr. Douglas Home's "romance" has been "covered" of late more restrainedly and with greater decency. If so, it is proof that good can come out of bad, and public distaste can in time make itself felt. Whatever be the end of the affair, I hope that restraint may continue from all quarters. I have every sympathy with a young girl's freedom to marry the man of her choice, and my sympathy increases if she decide that the world in which she was brought up, is well lost for love. Sometimes, no doubt, dynastic considerations may appear too strong, but in the world to-day, in the case of Princesses of Royal houses, the principle that "no one is indispensable" usually applies. In such cases the sacrifice should be made in full and without minor compensations. Sweden is a democratic country and equalitarian. We are often given to understand that Britain is so also, though perhaps with less authority. If the Princess in a few months' time marries the man of her choice, I hope that her sacrifice will be neither severe nor compensated. A minor title of nobility conferred on her in Sweden would appear to the Swedes as inappropriate and as empty a gesture as would nowadays to many Britons a courtesy title conferred on her in Britain. Still more so would any distinction conferred on Mr. Douglas Home in Britain, until he has deserved it by some more important achievement than winning the favour of a charming Princess, if his suit is successful. Even in England there are still married couples without titles who jog along quite happily and with the respect and esteem of their friends and tradesmen; and there is no good reason why he and the Princess should not join them in happy freedom from publicity.

Merry-Weather?—I never was like the daffodils—capable of taking the winds of March with pleasure or grace. And March 1958 will receive from me as disagreeable an obituary as a respectable national newspaper sometimes accords to a departed V.I.P. whom it did not favour. It is the month of the year, all too often, with which the calendar could well dispense, especially after a cold or cheerless winter. It has been given too many days in which to do its worst. It is the calendar's menstruous effort to prove that hope deferred makes the heart sick. Occasionally, it produces at least half-a-dozen days which bring out sulphur butterflies and active bees and give us a foretaste of spring. So far it has this year consistently shown its ugliest face and its sharpest tooth. What I want and you want is to forget this winter, to fling into the fires of spring our winter garments, which grow shabbier every day, to put on flannel trousers again and lighter shoes and to sit amid the flowering gorse or under a cliff on the sands watching the white sails of small yachts tacking in the Solent again, or even to set out the deck-chairs or mow the rough and ugly lawn. And with the winter garments, to throw away the memories of as boring, drab and cheerless a period of news and views on gloomy, unconstructive subjects as ever uglified an ugly winter. When will the day come when you and I can "wake up like mad, break the old pipe in twain and away to the meadows, the meadows again"? Well, we know the surprises of English weather. Perhaps it will be before these lines see print. If so be, I will modify my obituary notice of March 1958. THE OLD STAGER

MR. HAROLD MUMMERY.

In last week's issue Mr. Mummery was shown receiving a painting at Lloyd's in recognition of his services as Deputy Chairman of the Joint Hull Committee from 1939-1954. The painting was in fact presented to Mr. Mummery in recognition of his subsequent duties as Chairman from 1954-1958.



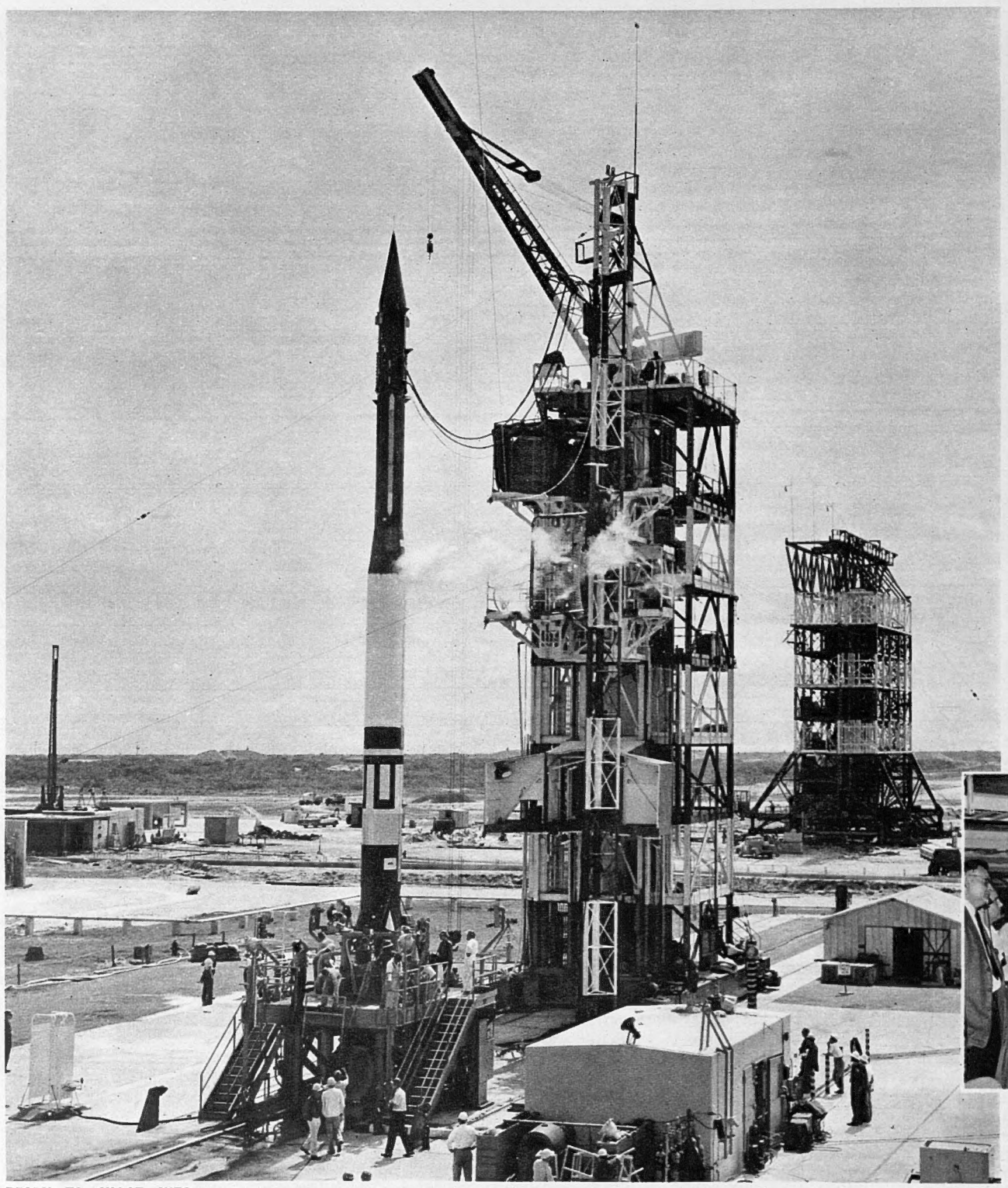
RESTORING HADRIAN'S WALL: Willowford Bridge (centre) and part of Hadrian's Wall at Harrow's Scaw, Cumberland, are now being restored by the Ministry of Works. Workmen are moving eastwards a few feet at a time, stripping the turf and digging away the piled earth, brushing the stones and cementing the top coursings to make the wall secure. The Roman rampart, which is about 73 miles long, between Bowness on Solway Firth and Wallsend-on-Tyne, was erected by Hadrian about A.D. 122 and repaired by Severus about A.D. 208.

SUCCESSFUL LAUNCHING

On its Third Attempt the U.S. Navy's Vanguard Rocket Places the Second American Satellite in Orbit

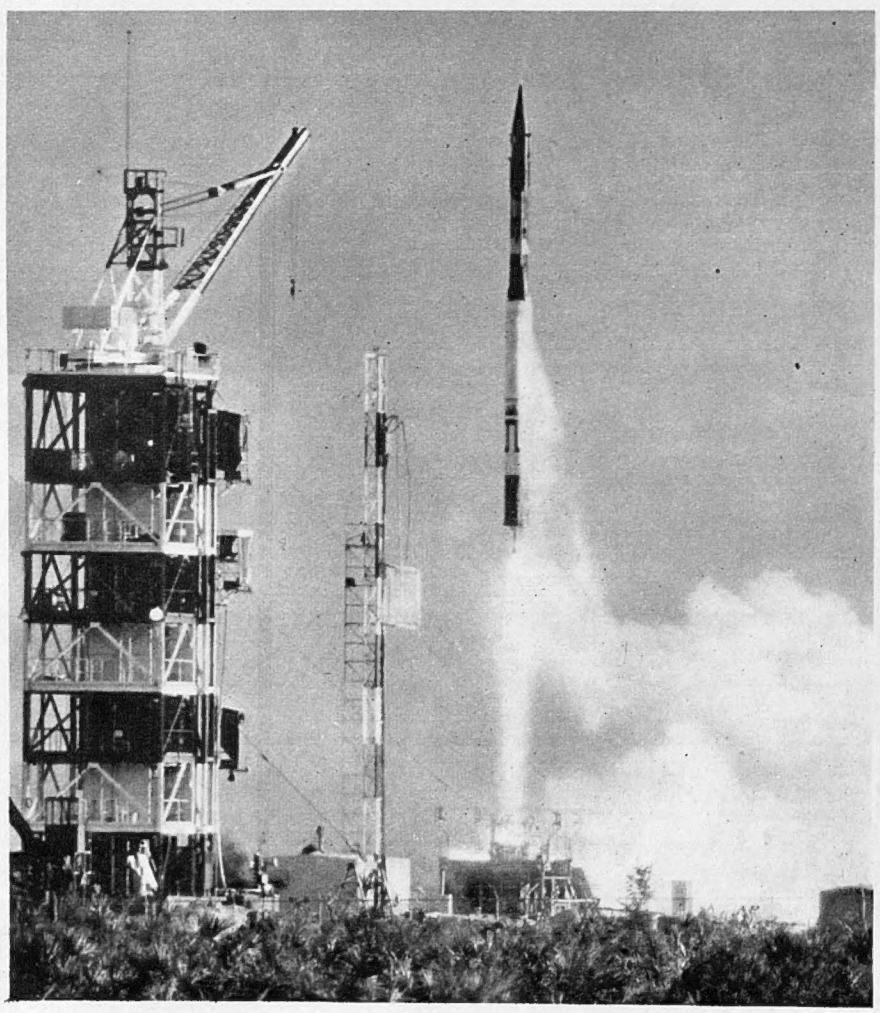
With the U.S. Army's Explorer I and Russia's Sputnik II, America's second earth satellite is now circling the earth after a perfect launching from the Cape Canaveral testing ground in Florida. In sharp contrast to the earlier highly-publicised failures of the United States Navy's Vanguard rocket, the launching went off with clockwork precision with only one slight delay in the final check due to a minor snag that was quickly rectified. Much embarrassed by their past failures, the Navy had given prior warning that the orbiting was by no means certain and that the launching was primarily a test of the rocket mechanism. So smooth was the operation, however, that the crews and scientists started cheering when the slim rocket left its launching stage. President Eisenhower himself announced the news of the success to the world.

The satellite's farthest point from the earth should be 2,500 miles and its nearest point about 400 miles. The first indications were that it would take about 135 minutes to circle the earth—compared with 118 minutes for Explorer I and 103.7 for Sputnik II. It is estimated that the satellite will probably continue to circle the earth for five to ten years. The Vanguard is a more advanced rocket than the Jupiter-C which was used to launch the Army satellite, Explorer I.



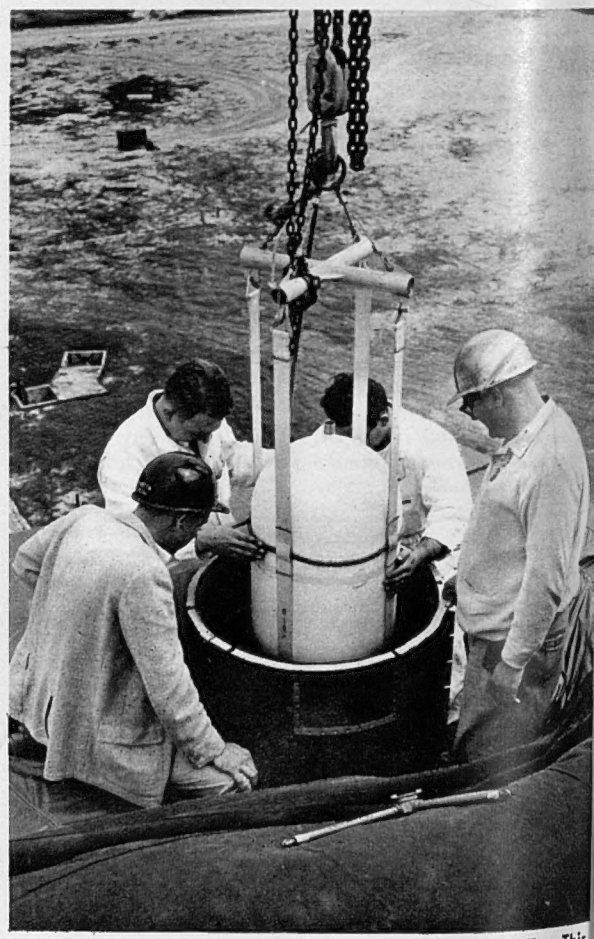
READY TO SHOOT INTO SPACE: The enormous steel framework of the gantry is drawn away from the U.S. Navy's Vanguard rocket as the time of the launch approaches. Technicians used the seven-storey gantry with its self-contained elevator and hoist crane as platforms to service the rocket at various levels. While the rocket was being prepared it was held secure by three sets of "arms" on the gantry. The three-stage Vanguard rocket left its launching pad at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, at 12.16 G.M.T. on March 17 and, leaving behind it a trail of fire and smoke, it climbed straight up into space.

IN THE CONTROL HOUSE: Each person has a specific duty during the "count-down" which must be performed at the exact moment during the sequence to ensure that the rocket functions properly.

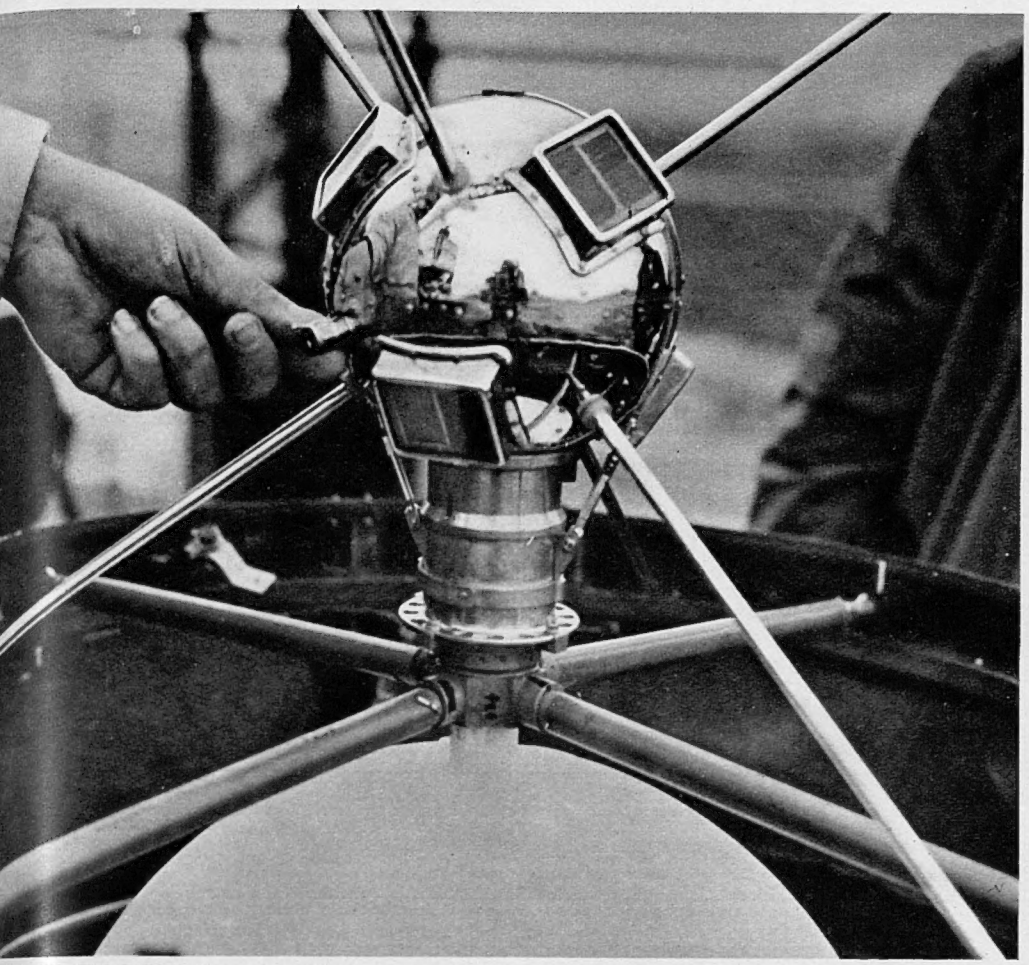


On right—

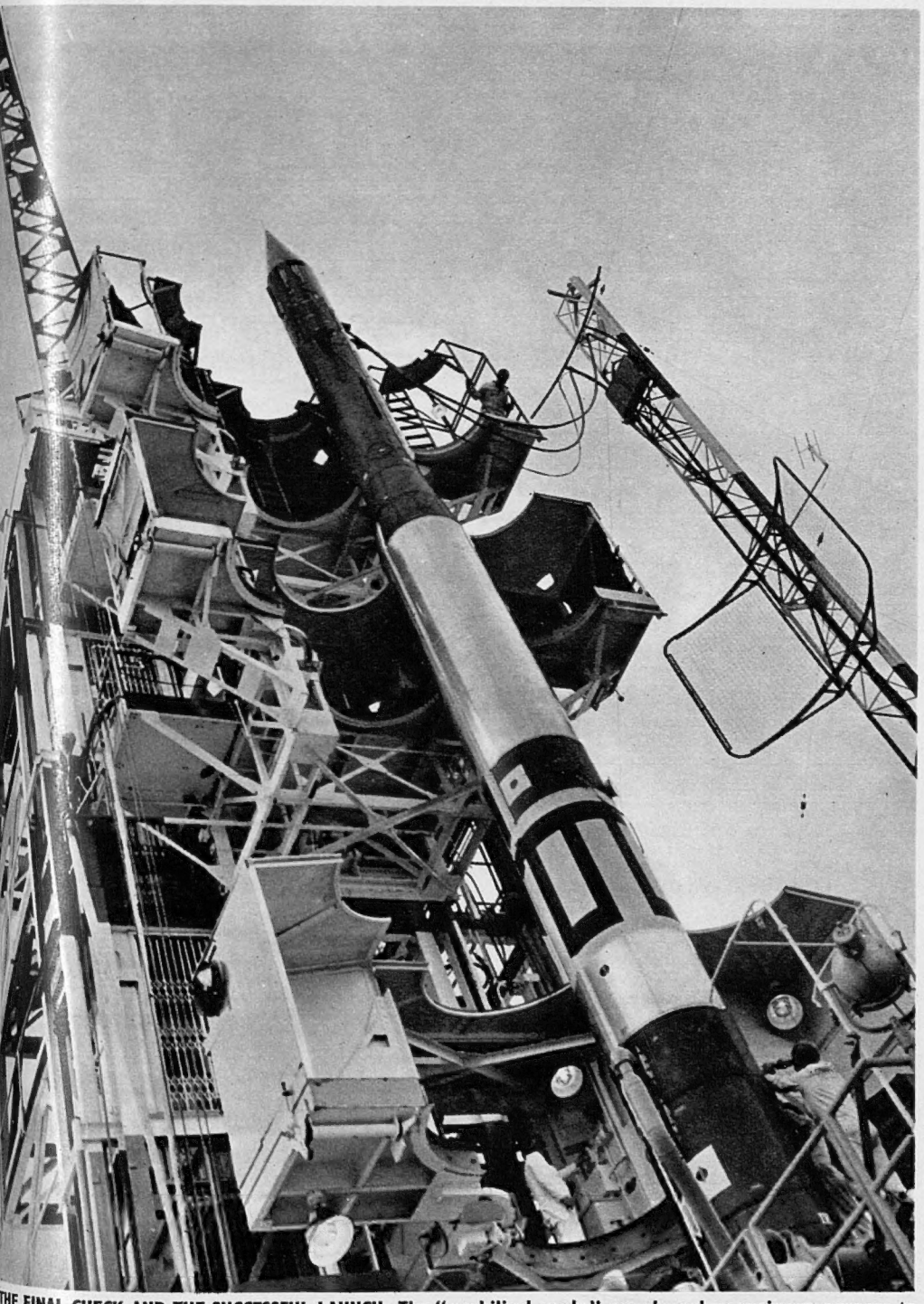
UP "FOR A GREAT MANY YEARS": The U.S. Navy Vanguard rocket, carrying the 3¼-lb. satellite, rises from its launching pad at Cape Canaveral to become the second American satellite in orbit. All three stages of the rocket operated properly. Indications suggested that at its apogee the satellite was 2,500 miles away from the earth, farther than the Army Explorer or the Russian Sputniks. Its minimum height is 400 miles and it circles the earth in 135 mins.



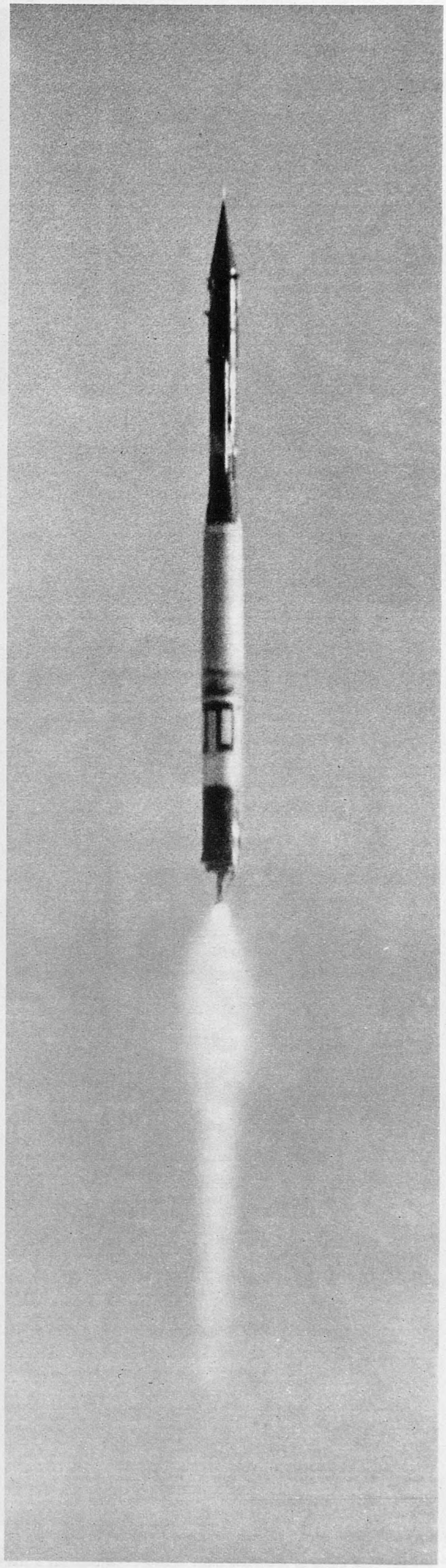
INSTALLING THE "GUIDESPIDER" IN THE ROCKET: This mechanism steadies the third stage in position so that its separation from the satellite will be straight and accurate.



CIRCLING THE EARTH: An engineer presses a switch to set in action the transmitters in the 6.4-in. satellite, mounted on the end of the third stage of the Vanguard rocket. The 3¼-lb. sphere, designed and built at the Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D.C., has six antennæ and two wireless transmitters.



THE FINAL CHECK AND THE SUCCESSFUL LAUNCH: The "umbilical cords" are cleared as engineers prepare to drag the gantry clear of the rocket on completion of the preparations. *On right*—The slim, three-stage rocket, carrying the aluminium satellite, soars into the air, leaving behind it a trail of white-hot fire.

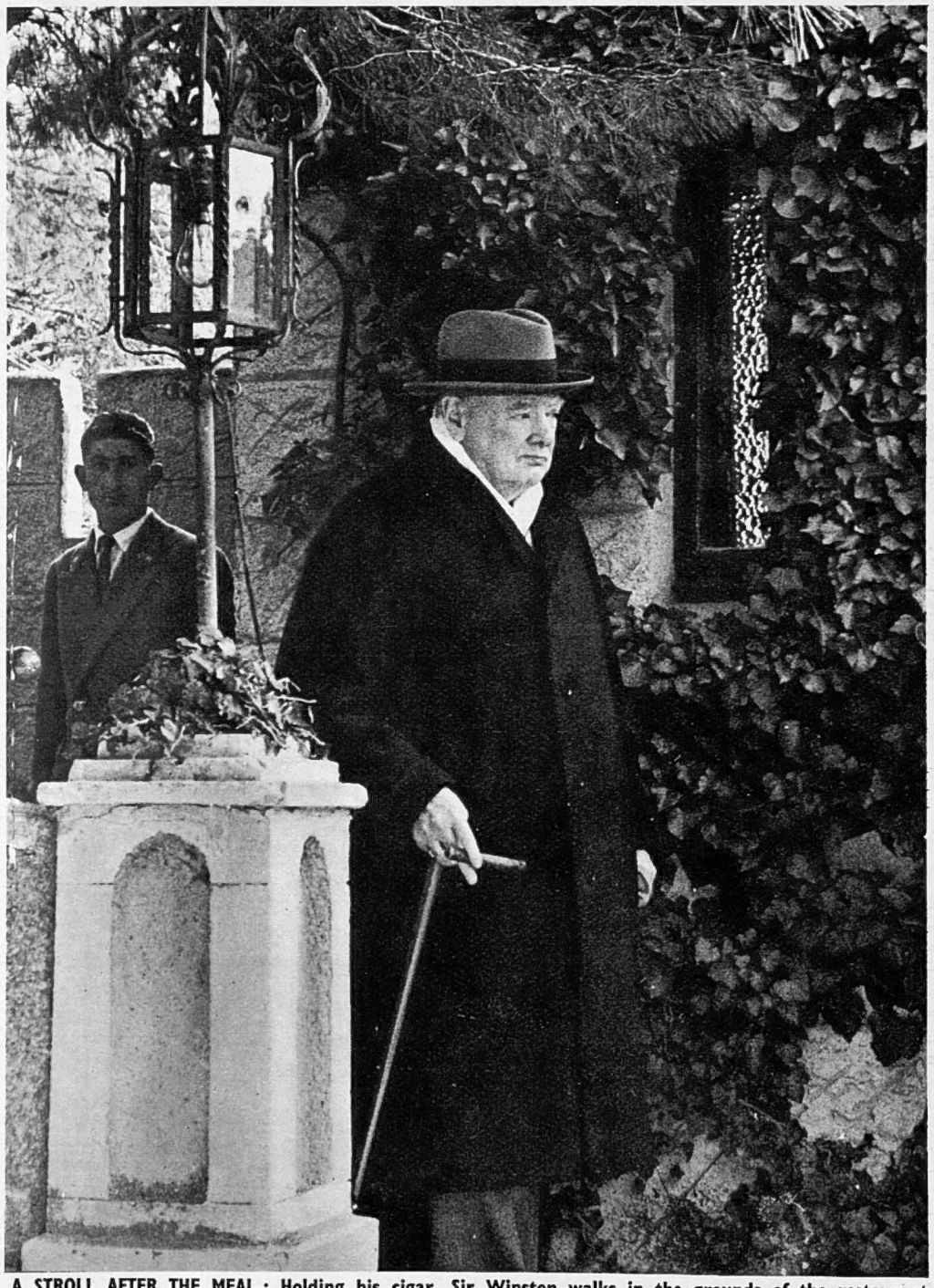


SIR WINSTON'S HEALTH

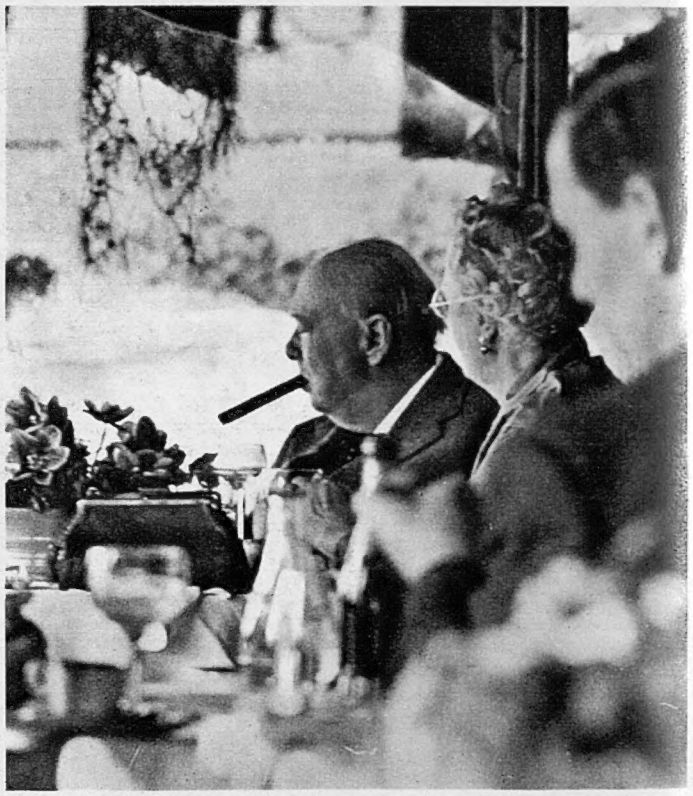
Pictures from the Riviera of his Convalescence before his Relapse

Six weeks ago the world was alarmed to hear reports of Sir Winston Churchill being taken ill. He was staying at Villa Pausa, near Monte Carlo, and Lord Moran immediately flew out to see him. A bulletin signed by Lord Moran and Dr. Roberts, the local physician, stated that the patient was suffering from pneumonia and pleurisy. The medical view was that it was a chronic ailment which would last several weeks. However, as usual, Sir Winston refused to conform. He was up on March 4 and walking in his garden a few days later. On March 15 he made his first public appearance, taking luncheon at the Chateau de Madrid Restaurant. Last week-end, however, the news was not so good. The Grand Old Man was confined to bed again. Dr. Roberts diagnosed "a slight recurrence of his old illness." On Monday last there were reports that he was progressing satisfactorily. He was stated to have spent a good night and to be getting on well. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Duncan Sandys, wife of the Defence Minister, who had arrived at the villa on the previous day, said that his progress was slow. "It is taking a little longer than we had hoped." From London Lord Moran flew out to the Riviera again. Before leaving London Airport he told the Press: "I was going out about this time to see if he was fit to come home. In view of the latest reports, and because I understand he wants to come home, I am going now."

LUNCHING OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME: A photograph is taken of Sir Winston as he sits by the window at the Chateau de Madrid Restaurant at Cap Ferrat, on the Riviera. Lady Churchill sits by him. It was the first time he had been outside the grounds of Villa Pausa since his illness. Last week-end Sir Winston was reported to have had a "slight relapse."



A STROLL AFTER THE MEAL: Holding his cigar, Sir Winston walks in the grounds of the restaurant. *On right*—He drives away on his return to Villa Pausa. He remained indoors at the Villa throughout last week owing to damp and misty weather. On Saturday it was stated he was in bed again.



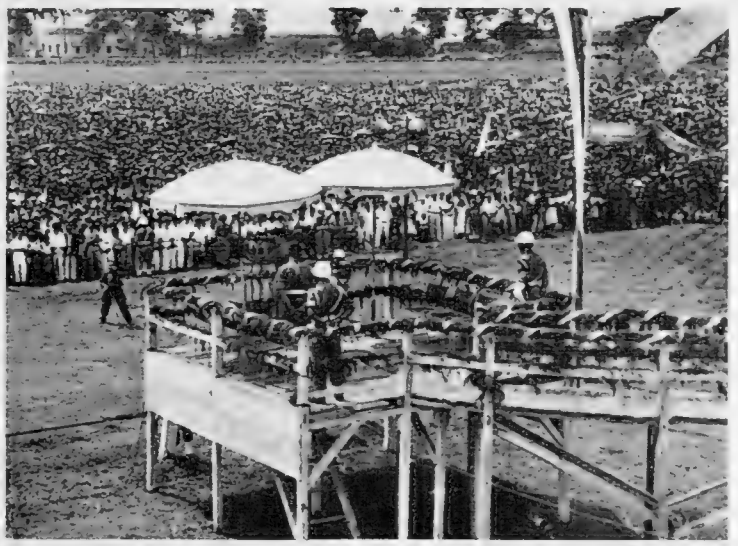
THE UNMISTAKABLE SILHOUETTE: The bulldog profile and the long cigar would be recognised immediately almost anywhere in the world. Now he is eighty-three, any reports of Sir Winston Churchill being ill inevitably gave rise to the gravest disquiet.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN TUNIS: A street is lined by a crowd holding portraits of President Bourguiba to greet him as he drives to the Constituent Assembly to speak on the second anniversary of Tunisian independence. Rather surprisingly, the President's speech was markedly pro-Western in tone. It was believed that he was hoping that Britain and America might bring pressure to bear on France to accept his proposals put to the Anglo-American "good offices" mission. Last week-end the French Premier, M. Gaillard, was reported to have rejected the Bourguiba plan and to be preparing counter-proposals.

A KEY FIGURE IN NORTH-WEST AFRICA: President Bourguiba acknowledges the cheers of the crowds on his way to make his Independence Day speech in Tunis. He paid tribute to the Anglo-American good offices approach which, he said, had done much to help his country.

SUPPORT FOR SUKARNO: Members of a women's organisation, reported to be a Communist-controlled body, march through Jakarta to a mass rally in support of Dr. Sukarno and the Indonesian Government in their action taken against the rebels in Sumatra. One of the reasons for the uprising of certain sections of the Indonesian army against Dr. Sukarno is their allegations that he is aiming at a Communist State by means of his "guided Democracy."



LOYAL TO THE GOVERNMENT: The dense Indonesian crowd here is assembled for another pro-Government rally, in Bandung, in Western Java, at which Dr. Sukarno was about to speak. The President of Indonesia told his listeners that he had evidence that the rebel leaders had signed an arms agreement with the Japanese. He also accused them of smuggling money out of the country and of being "paid agents" of "foreign powers" who were trying to draw Indonesia into their blocs. The "reactionary" rebels, he went on, were committing "treason against those who have sacrificed their lives for the formation of the Indonesian Republic." He appealed for unity against them.

On right—

BANK RATE REDUCED: Messengers run from the Bank of England with the news that the Bank rate has gone down to 6 per cent. The information was greeted with a great cheer in the Stock Exchange, where the gilt-edged market was packed with members. The rate was raised to the crisis level of 7 per cent. last September because of the severe run on the pound. The reduction of 1 per cent. last week was taken as an indication of the recovery of sterling.

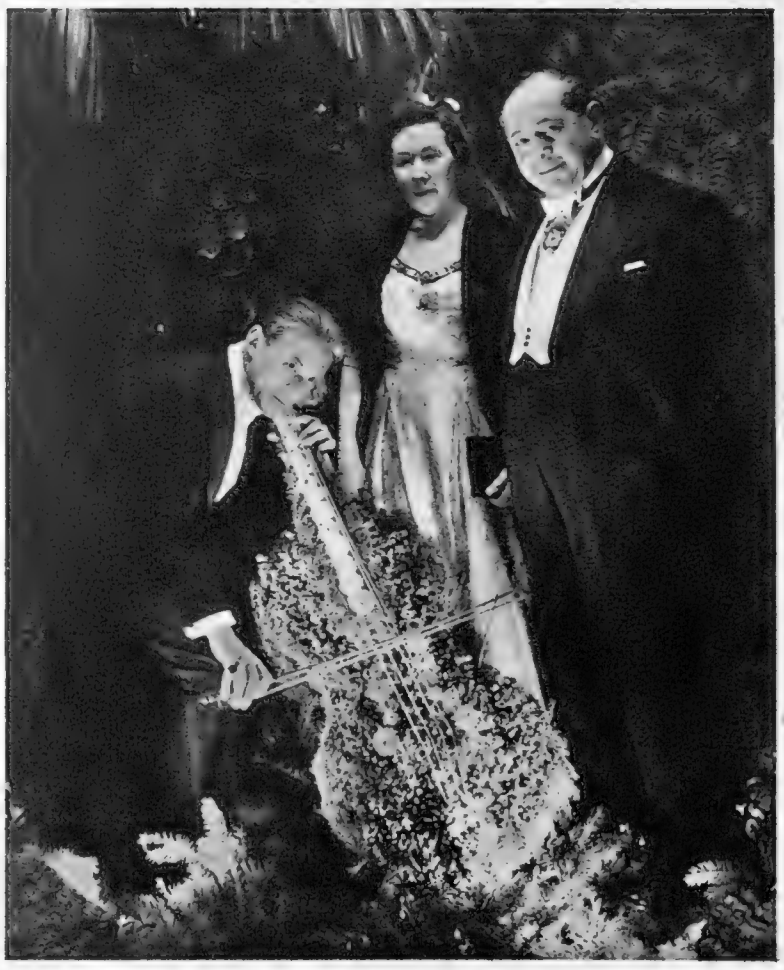
A NOVELIST TURNS REPORTER: Mlle. Françoise Sagan sits third from the right in the second row of the Press box of a law court in Versailles. The authoress, who has obtained a considerable reputation for her novels, was reporting a murder case for a Paris newspaper. *The Broken Date*, the ballet for which she wrote the story, was seen recently in London.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE CONQUERORS OF THE SOUTH POLE ON THE WAY HOME: ***Left*****—The New Zealand Antarctic Expedition ship** ***Endeavour*** **sails into Wellington Harbour, in New Zealand. She had brought the triumphant Commonwealth Antarctic explorers from Scott Base, in Antarctica, on the first stage of their journey home. A flight of Vampires gave an air salute and ships sounded their sirens as** ***Endeavour*** **entered dock.** *Right*—Dr. Vivian Fuchs (left), leader of the trans-Polar party which made the first land crossing of Antarctica, and Sir Edmund Hillary, leader of the New Zealand party which went to the Pole from Scott Base, drive through Wellington. The explorers attended many receptions and gave numerous interviews. The British party is to leave New Zealand in the liner *Rangitoto* next Friday (April 4) and reach Southampton on May 5.

On right—

A FAMOUS ENGINE OF THE LAST CENTURY RETURNS TO WORK: Locomotive 123, once the pride of the Caledonian Railway Company, steams out of Perth Station carrying a party of journalists from Perth to Princes Street Station, Edinburgh, where they attended a Festival Press conference in the City Chambers. The locomotive, which is seventy-two years old, was taken from retirement to head the "Festival Special" train. Pulling two Caledonian Railway carriages, she arrived only six minutes behind schedule. The engine was one of the runners in the historic railway races on the London-Edinburgh run, when the East Coast and West Coast Companies were in competition. During the last month of racing only one engine was used, without a break, by the Caledonian Railway on the west coast route between Carlisle and Edinburgh—No. 123. During her forty-nine years of service, she was frequently chosen as the pilot locomotive that ran ahead of the Royal trains.



A FAMOUS MUSICIAN RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF MANCHESTER: Sir John Barbirolli, the conductor of the Hallé Orchestra (left), is shown by Alderman Leslie Lever, the Lord Mayor, where to sign the Roll of Honorary Freeman during the ceremony in Manchester Town Hall. *On left*—Sir John, watched by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, goes through the motions of playing a 'cello of flowers which was among the decorations in the entrance to the Council Chamber. Last Friday he became the sixty-second freeman of the city and the first in the field of arts and music. Earlier on the same day it was announced that Sir John Barbirolli was to relinquish his post as permanent conductor of the Hallé Orchestra as from September this year and instead become principal conductor. This arrangement will enable him to travel more abroad.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

CIVIL AND MILITARY LEADERS OF THE INDONESIAN REVOLT: *Left*—**Dr. Sjaffrudin, the rebel Premier, addresses a rally of his followers in his headquarters town of Padang, in Central Sumatra.** *Right*—**Colonel Hussein, the rebel military commander and Chief of Staff, also speaks at the rally. Throughout last week the situation regarding the revolt in Indonesia against Dr. Sukarno's Government continued to be obscure. From the military point of view the focus of attention was on Medan, in North Sumatra, which the rebels appeared to have captured.** The Government forces countered with air raids which, according to spokesmen in Jakarta, inflicted severe casualties and damage. On the political front Dr. Djuanda, the Prime Minister of the Sukarno Government, declared that any foreign intervention could lead to most serious consequences to world peace. His statement was taken as aimed at recent remarks by President Tito and Mr. Dulles.

MARSHAL TITO'S OUTBURST: The President of Yugoslavia addresses a vast gathering in the Marx-Engels Square in Belgrade. The meeting was being held as part of the preparations for the Yugoslav elections, due last Sunday (March 23). In the course of his speech Marshal Tito made a violent outburst against the Western Powers, accusing them of "pactomania" and of "shilly-shallying" over the preparations for the Summit Conference. His remarks may have been partly inspired by his known desire for his country to participate in the Summit. Yugoslavia was on the Russian list for invitations for the Foreign Ministers' preparatory conference and when Tito was speaking the West had still to express an opinion on this proposal from Moscow. Later in his speech the Marshal likened the war in Indonesia to the prelude to the Spanish Civil War.

On left—

MR. KHRUSHCHEV GOES TO THE POLLS: He casts his vote in Moscow during the general election for the two Houses of the Supreme Soviet. Polling date was a week before the national elections in Yugoslavia. In Russia there was no choice of candidates. All of them belonged to the Communist-nominated "party and non-party bloc." Before and after the elections Mr. Khrushchev was very busy communicating his views to the West about the approach to the Summit (usually through letters signed by Marshal Bulganin). Western experts were giving much time to interpreting the intention as well as the language of these lengthy missives.

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR IN PERSIA: Dr. Figl is greeted by the Shah at the Royal Palace in Teheran. The Chancellor was the first official visitor to call on the Shah after he announced his intention of divorcing Queen Soraya.

GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK INSPECTS FROGMEN IN FORMOSA: The President of the Chinese Nationalists talks to a member of an under-water unit at its training headquarters at Kaohsiung. According to some reports these men are trained to reconnoitre the coast of the Chinese mainland and even to make secret landings there for the purposes of obtaining intelligence information. Although at the time of the inspection the very strained relations between China and Formosa had been little in the news, the tense situation remained very dangerous to world peace.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

CEREMONIES IN CYPRUS: From one of the balconies of Government House, in Cyprus, two visitors watch part of a procession of the pipe-and-drum band of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders as it passes the swimming-pool in the grounds. In the distance are the ruins of the old Government House which was attacked and burnt to the ground by a mob in 1931. The pipe-and-drum band was taking part in a colourful ceremony at which Sir Hugh Foot presented honours and awards to more than forty people, including civilians, servicemen and police. Among the latter were two police sergeants from the United Kingdom who received medals in recognition of brave conduct while based in Cyprus.

RECIPIENTS OF AWARDS FOR BRAVERY: Sir Hugh Foot stands between British Police Sergeants R. J. Hawkins (left) and F. J. M. White after presenting them with medals for bravery while on duty in Cyprus. Both men were posted to Cyprus from the Cornwall County Constabulary.

On right—

MR. DUNCAN SANDYS RECEIVED BY THE POPE: The British Minister of Defence is seen with His Holiness Pope Pius XII at the Vatican. After his audience Mr. Sandys, who was on an official visit to Italy, was the guest at luncheon of Signor Taviani, the Italian Minister of Defence. Later in the day he called on Signor Zoli, the Prime Minister. Five days before Mr. Sandys' audience, the Pope had celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his coronation.

A FORMER BRITISH WARSHIP FOR PAKISTAN: Mr. Mohammed Ikramullah, the Pakistan High Commissioner, reads a speech of acceptance when the former British destroyer H.M.S. *Crispin*, 1,710 tons, was transferred to the Pakistan Navy at Southampton. The warship, which has been renamed P.N.S. *Jahangir*, was one of four destroyers and a cruiser whose sale to Pakistan was announced by the Admiralty in 1956.

A NEW THEATRE FOR COVENTRY: An external view of the new theatre, named the Belgrade, which is to become the civic theatre of the town of Coventry, in Warwickshire. Workmen are putting the finishing touches to the outside of the modern but compact structure. *On left*—A general view of the interior, taken from the rear of the gallery, showing the modern house lighting and boxes. The building, which cost £22,000, provides seating accommodation for 911 people. It takes its name from the Yugoslav capital, which provided a £6,000 gift of wood. The gala opening took place on March 27, and was attended by the Duchess of Kent.

"GOLIATH" OF ESSEX

A Giant Crane at the New Nuclear Power Plant at Bradwell

According to the Book of Samuel, Goliath of Gath was six cubits and a span tall, that is about 10 ft. He would be a mere pygmy beside the modern Goliath of Essex. Some idea of the height of this vast crane can be obtained from the fact that if it were put over Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar Square, the figure of Nelson himself would just appear through the top.

The reason for the creation of Goliath was the special requirements at Bradwell-on-Sea, where one of the first commercial nuclear power stations is being built for the Central Electricity Generating Board. It was decided that a suitable tool must be found to lift the very heavy boiler and reactor structures and allow engineering work in the reactor buildings to proceed without being hindered or delayed by the installation of the boilers and pressure vessels. Goliath supplied the answer.

The crane, which weighs 800 tons altogether, had to be constructed on the site and took fourteen months to build. It is of the overhead girder type supported at each end by a leg mounted on eight four-wheel bogies. During all stages of construction it will completely straddle each reactor building—there will be two of them when Bradwell is finished.

The bogies run on standard-gauge railway lines, which have been laid for a distance of 1,200 ft. on both sides of the crane. This allows ring segments for the pressure vessels to be lifted from the site welding area and deposited in position in the reactors. Boiler shells can be carried in the same way and much other heavy equipment lifted speedily and efficiently for the installation. The maximum load is 200 tons.

Goliath is electrically controlled—virtually by one man—and the power is provided by a 250-kW. Crossley diesel generator set. The makers of Goliath are Clarke Chapman and Co., of Gateshead-on-Tyne, and Clyde, Crane and Booth, of Rodley, Leeds. They can justifiably claim that they have produced one of the largest cranes of its type in the world. The cost was about £400,000, but when work is finished at Bradwell, Goliath will be dismantled and transferred to another nuclear site. It is understood that with a view to future work of this kind a second and even larger Goliath has been ordered. It will be able to lift 250 tons.

Tests have now ended on the first crane and soon it should be working in earnest on the site where a labour force of 1,350 is employed. The contractors for the power station are the Nuclear Power Plant Co., of Knutsford, and their operations in Essex cover 140 acres. The reactors will be of the same type as those at Calder Hall, in Cumberland. They are graphite-moderated and gas-cooled and use natural uranium as fuel. Unlike Calder Hall, where the primary purpose is the production of plutonium with electricity as a by-product, the reactors at Bradwell have been designed for maximum output of electricity. This will reach 300 mW. It is expected that the first of the two reactors will be in operation by June 1960.

On right—

THE VIEW FROM THE HEAD OF A MODERN GIANT: The picture was taken from the top of "Goliath," the vast mobile crane which will soon begin work at Bradwell, the new commercial nuclear power station under construction in Essex. Behind the reactors already beginning to take shape is the River Blackwater, with some of the merchant ships now lying idle in its estuary. **("Britain's Idle Shipping," page 505.)**

(*Further pictures of Bradwell on following pages*)

THE MODERN "GOLIATH" SHOWS ITS STRENGTH: The huge structure on the site of the nuclear power station at Bradwell-on-Sea, in Essex, is a mobile overhead girder type of crane. It may very well be the largest of its kind in the world. In height the crane is 177 ft., only 8 ft. less than Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. The distance between the tracks on which it stands is 178 ft. "Goliath" is mounted at each side on eight four-wheel bogies which run on rails each 1,200 ft. in length. This enables the crane to lift materials from the site welding area and deposit them in position on the reactors. Owing to its magnitude the structure had to be built on the site. It has now completed its tests and is expected to begin work in earnest next month.

"GOLIATH" OF ESSEX

On right—

A TEST OF STRENGTH: A concrete block of 200 tons—its maximum lift—is comfortably raised by "Goliath." Below, in the right foreground, is the structure of the first of the two reactors for the nuclear power station. When completed, Bradwell should have a maximum power output of 300,000 kilowatts.

On left—

AT THE FEET OF THE GIANT: The men standing by the immense wheels give some idea of the proportions of the gigantic crane. Through its agency, work will be greatly facilitated in the building of the reactor buildings at Bradwell. In each there will be six boilers 19 ft. in diameter and 87 ft. in height, and a spherical steel pressure vessel 67 ft. in diameter. The boiler shells, each weighing nearly 200 tons, will be floated down the North Sea from Teesside to Essex.

Below—

A PANORAMA OF POWER: Through the girders of the giant crane the camera looks down on some of the construction for the production of nuclear power. One of the astonishing features of "Goliath" is that it can be controlled virtually by one man at electric controls. Power is provided by a diesel generator set. The cost of the installation of the crane on the site was about £400,000. It will be dismantled and transferred for the construction of another nuclear power station after finishing at Bradwell.

ROYAL OCCASION AT THE OLD VIC

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh Attend a Private Performance

THE QUEEN UNVEILS A COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE DURING HER VISIT TO THE OLD VIC THEATRE, NEAR WATERLOO STATION: It marks the building of the annexe which will house the theatre's scenic, property and wardrobe workshops. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh also attended a special private performance in the theatre.

The Royal visit to the Old Vic last week marked two prominent landmarks in the theatre's history. Soon after her arrival, the Queen unveiled a plaque to commemorate the building of the £90,000 annexe which is being erected adjacent to the theatre, and which is expected to be in full use by the autumn. Its purpose is strictly functional—to give the Old Vic substantial economies by bringing the wardrobe and scenic workshops under one roof and near to the theatre. At present the various workshops are housed in buildings in other parts of London.

After the short ceremony in the annexe the Queen and the Duke went into the theatre to attend the private performance. This consisted of scenes from some of the plays which have been seen in the Shakespeare repertory of the present Five-Year Folio-Plan now drawing to a close. When it is completed on May 13 with the production of *Henry VIII*, all the thirty-six plays in the First Folio will have been presented at the theatre. It is the second time that all thirty-six plays have been presented at the Old Vic, the previous cycle having been completed in 1923. At that time the Old Vic became the first theatre in the world to complete the cycle.

THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT THE OLD VIC: The Queen and the Duke are seen on their way from the annexe to the auditorium for the performance. As the visit also marked the concluding stages of the Old Vic's Five-Year Folio-Plan the programme consisted of scenes from some of the plays in the Shakespeare repertory.

THE QUEEN MEETS MEMBERS OF THE CAST: *Left*—After the performance Her Majesty pats Keith Michell's dog, Duff, which appeared as Crab in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Looking on are Barbara Jefford, Robert Helpmann and Keith Michell. *Right*—In the front row, from left, are: Jack Gwillim, Moira Shearer, Frankie Howerd, Coral Browne, Paul Rogers, John Neville, Barbara Jefford, Robert Helpmann, Keith Michell and Paul Daneman. The Queen also met the Governors of the Old Vic.

HONG KONG'S NEW PIER : The recently constructed cross-harbour ferry pier, on the Hong Kong side of the crown colony, has now been opened for use by the public. A prominent feature of the modern structure is a covered-way extending from the pier entrance and the ferry building to the main road running parallel with the waterfront. On the right can be seen the first of a number of three-tiered car parking lots which have been built to ease the parking problem and to help banish the severe bottleneck of traffic in the area. The new pier replaces an old one which was demolished to make way for land reclamation. Regular passenger ferry services, almost always crowded, run daily between the mainland and Hong Kong island

On left—

EXPANDING HONG KONG'S AIRPORT: An aerial view showing the expanse of the new runway at Kai Tak Airport which forms the principal feature of an ambitious extension scheme to enable the largest modern aircraft to land there. The runway, which will be 8,340 ft. long and 200 ft. wide, is being built on reclaimed ground in the bay of the harbour. The sea bed is up to 25 ft. below water level and the runway will be 18 ft. above. It is hoped to bring it into use at the end of this year. Thereafter a new terminal area, with a terminal building and control tower, will be constructed and the present maintenance area expanded. This will bring the facilities at Kai Tak into line with the most modern in the world. The development is one of the largest single post-war engineering schemes undertaken by the Hong Kong Government. It is being carried out at a cost of about £7,000,000.

Modern Hong Kong

Constructional Projects on the Crown Colony on the Coast of Southern China

A BEAVER DAM IN THE WEST OF CANADA: Water flows over the spillway of the structure built by the rodents near Banff, in Alberta. One of the main purposes of the dam is to protect the beavers' lodge or home. The animals work with amazing ingenuity, felling the logs and pushing them with their forepaws to the dam.

THE BUSY BEAVER

The Remarkable Constructions by the Canadian Rodent, Which is Both Lumberjack and Engineer

THE RODENT CRAFTSMAN AT WORK: A beaver pushes a branch of a tree into position for a dam. *On right*—It fells a tree. One of the largest and most powerful of rodents, its sharp teeth chisel chips and shavings from the base of the trunk.

On left—
WORK IN PROGRESS: Logs have been floated to the site of a dam which is beginning to take shape. The animal is a strong swimmer, able to close its nostrils and ears when under water. Its large scaly tail, about 1 ft. in length, acts as a rudder.

A RESULT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE BEAVER: The snow-capped peaks of Alberta look down upon a large stretch of water. In the foreground is an artificially created pond filled by the overflow from a beaver dam. All that remains of the trees gnawed down by the animals is the stumps of the trunks standing out above the water.

The beaver is, without question, one of the most intelligent of animals. When one considers its skill it is not surprising that in past ages the Canadian Indians invested it with immortality. It is not only engineer, it is also lumberjack and its feats of skill deservedly earn the epithet of astonishing. The pictures on these pages show something of the work of the American species (*Castor canadensis*). In order to protect its home or lodge, which is an ingenious enough structure in itself, it builds a dam. Trees by the banks of a lake or stream are felled by the process of gnawing through the trunk with sharp, chisel-like teeth. The beaver then pushes them through the water to the required site for the dam. Here the structure is erected and mud is plastered on to it with the forefeet. A constant level is obtained for the pond by modification of the outlet sluice. Some dams have been found as much as 100 ft. in length and proportionately strong.

All this construction is not the work of an army of craftsmen. The beaver "colony," which lives, labours and feeds in the same water area, is usually a family consisting of no more than ten or twelve animals. The full-grown adults are about 30 ins. long, with the addition of a tail of perhaps 1 ft. in length. This tail is used as a rudder when swimming and also to slap the water to give the alarm when danger approaches. Among the beaver's important characteristics are the little valves on its nostrils and ears which close when it is submerged and enable it to work under water. The dams are sometimes considered a nuisance, for they cause unexpected inundations. But the ponds are havens in which water birds can nest, fish flourish and wild animals drink and swim. The beaver is a friendly animal and to Man, of course, it is also a valuable one because of its dense brown fur. Extracts from its glands are used in making scent, and its flesh is sometimes eaten.

CHANGES AT CHELTENHAM

The Town has Experienced the Assault of Progress; and the Only Thing Connected with the Races Which has not Changed is the Weather

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

CHELTENHAM is not what it was: neither the town nor the races. The town, as English towns go, is quite new, of course. Until 1715, when a mineral spring was discovered, Cheltenham was a straggling village of no importance whatsoever. The discovery of the spring changed the village into a fashionable spa and, within the next 100 years, it grew into one of the most beautiful towns in England.

The best way to approach Cheltenham—the way not to do so, if you can possibly avoid it, is from Gloucester—is either from Cleeve Cloud or from the hills above Charlton Kings, for then you look down on to a wonderful cluster of tall spires and well-spaced houses. When you get into the town itself, you still have this impression of space, of greenness, of openness, of pleasant, solid comfort; of ease, even of luxury. Cheltenham, in fact, is a magnificent example of town-planning on the grand scale by enlightened private enterprise.

Architecturally, it cannot compare with Bath—or so I am told by those who should know—but I find it satisfying enough. I do not want to compare its Regency squares and terraces and crescents and parades with Regency squares and terraces and crescents and parades elsewhere. These are more than good enough for me. I still think that you have got to go a very long way to find a town with more cheerful streets in its shopping centre: a very long way indeed to find the equal of the Promenade, which not only has magnificent shops, but a clean and dignified beauty, a classical character, all its own.

All the same, Cheltenham is not what it was. It has experienced the assault of progress. It is but nine miles from Gloucester, which is an industrial rather than a cathedral city, and modern transport has swallowed up those nine miles. Moreover, though not an industrial place in quite the same sense as Gloucester, Cheltenham now possesses its own industries and has a large industrial population. Once—and it was not so very long ago—when you went to Cheltenham you had the feeling that you were in a small, but very prosperous, town. Now, you have the feeling that you are in a large and very prosperous town.

Once, Cheltenham was a great place for retirement. It seemed, with its excellent educational facilities and many cultural activities, to have been designed to that end. Men, who had spent the major portions of their lives building or maintaining the Empire in distant corners of the world, supported their remaining years on comfortable pensions here. You could recognise them in the Promenade of a morning, or marching round the Park or Pittville after Matins, by their bearing, by the authority of their glance. In the shops you almost expected them to clap their hands for service. All that has gone. But Cheltenham is still a great place for retirement: there must be an enormous flat population in the big houses of Pittville and the Park, in the big many-storied terrace houses.

The tempo of the place, as all who knew Cheltenham in the spacious days when a pension was a pension and not a pittance, has changed altogether. The old, leisurely atmosphere has given place to one of bustle and purpose. Yet the change, when you look more closely, has not been as radical as one might expect. In some extraordinary way, the cultural tradition has survived, enveloped and absorbed that which might have destroyed it. The quality of the goods displayed in the great shops of the Promenade does not appear to have been lowered in any way, and you may still buy goods in grocers' shops in Cheltenham which no grocer in the average provincial town, the average industrial city for that matter, would dream of stocking. The standard of living in Cheltenham is very high. It is the sort of place where you ask for relish, not paste.

The races (by which, of course, I mean the National Hunt Meeting held in March) have changed as well, and much more radically. Indeed, about the only thing connected with this meeting which has not changed is the weather. Memory may play me false, but memory tells me that good spring weather is the exception rather than the rule for the National Hunt Meeting. No matter what the weather forecast may be, snow and frost seem to be usual for Cheltenham in March, and more than once the meeting has had to be postponed for one or the other: and I recall also a postponement for floods following heavy snow. The Gold Cup, in fact, has twice had to be cancelled altogether, once for snow and once for frost. It is always as well to make a note of the dates of the National Hunt Meeting, and then to prepare for the worst. The weather aside, however, there have been such great changes that this meeting is scarcely recognisable as the meeting of, say, thirty years ago, although it and its races bear the same names.

At least until 1929 (Easter Hero's first year), and despite the fact that the Gold Cup was first raced for in 1924, the National Hunt Meeting was pretty well what its name indicated. The great professional jockeys were there, of course, but for all that it was a sort of Foxhunters' Jamboree. The atmosphere was that of a super-point-to-point meeting: a jolly, rather than a dressy, occasion. And so far as the racing was concerned, it was a stepping-stone to the Grand National.

Even the institution of the Gold Cup did not alter that at first. It was regarded as a very good trial run for a horse with Grand National pretensions. Now, of course, it is recognised as the championship for top-class steeplechasers (the Grand National is a handicap), and now horses are trained specially for the Gold Cup. It is rare for a horse to contest both races in the same year nowadays. Only one, Golden Miller, has ever won both.

It is the growth in stature of the Gold Cup which has completely changed the atmosphere of the National Hunt Meeting: and for the better. The meeting still provides the great test for amateur riders, still provides a good testing-ground for potential Grand National winners, but the race for the Gold Cup has made the whole affair a sort of Ascot of steeplechasing: a smart occasion. Now, despite the prevalent weather, you see extremely smart women at Cheltenham on Gold Cup day. (I once heard a man remark that their collective complexions must have cost more than all the horseflesh in the paddock: but I think he must have been soured by ill-fortune.) And the men take pains, too: if casualness exists, it is carefully studied.

Everyone who is anyone in the world of steeplechasing goes to Cheltenham. Around the ring you can hear every conceivable accent in Britain, from the most exaggeratedly educated to the broadest country burr, with the Irish brogue perhaps predominating, and more learned discussion of "form" than at any other race meeting in the whole year. What, in fact, has happened (due entirely to the institution of the Gold Cup) is that the Cheltenham National Hunt Meeting has become the festival of steeplechasing: an occasion to be taken happily, but seriously both as regards dress and sport.

The Gold Cup ought to be one of those races in which the knowledgeable should be able to pick the winner with fair certainty. (There are not many such races.) The fields are never large: only top-class horses run, they meet on level terms, and all have some form behind them. It ought not to be too difficult. Sometimes it is all too easy: you get horses like Easter Hero, Golden Miller, Prince Regent and Cottage Rake starting at odds-on and galloping their rivals into the ground. But, on the face of it, it ought to be a fairly simple problem every year: and it is, in this connection, worth pointing out that there have been only two really long-priced winners in the history of the race. At one time I went on the principle of backing any horse by Cottage. It brought me four winners and two seconds, which I found quite satisfactory. And a close study of form has proved beneficial on one or two other occasions.

It ought, all things considered, to have been fairly simple this year too. The form was there for all to read, and the field was small enough. But my money, along with most other people's, vanished into the thick blue cigar-smoke of the bookmakers when the two favourites, Linwell (last year's winner) and Mandarin (who was, I thought, going like a winner at the time) fell at the thirteenth fence. The race was run on the thirteenth, too, which should give food for thought to the superstitious.

STEEPLECHASING AT CHELTENHAM: A general view of the paddock showing the runners being paraded for the Gold Cup. *On right*—Kerstin (on the right) is taken by S. Hayhurst over the last jump before going on to become the first mare to win the race since 1925. On the left is Polar Flight, who finished second.

BRITAIN'S IDLE SHIPS

Vessels Laid Up in Two Estuaries are Signs of the Times

On left—

TOO MANY SHIPS, TOO FEW CARGOES: Merchant vessels of various kinds lie idle in the River Blackwater, in Essex, about five miles from the sea. *Below*—Tankers are anchored in the estuary of the River Fal, in Cornwall. They have full cargoes of oil and have to wait to discharge their tanks owing to the superfluity of oil in the land storage depots. When they have discharged their cargoes they will probably return to idle anchorage. Some 400,000 tons of British mercantile shipping is currently laid up, for the most part in the Blackwater, Fal, Clyde or Tyne. The reasons for there being too many ships for too few cargoes are generally regarded to be three: (1) the slackening in world trade due to the American economic depression; (2) the aftermath of the Suez crisis, during which many European countries over-stocked themselves with oil and with such necessities as grain, coal and sugar; (3) good domestic harvests in many European states. An additional factor may be that there has recently been considerable shipbuilding in British yards in anticipation of an increase in world trade which has not yet materialised.

VENICE UNDER SNOW : The dome of the basilica of Santa Maria della Salute towers above the snow-covered streets and canals of the Italian city after the heavy snowstorms which swept parts of the country earlier this month. The heavy falls of snow coincided with excessively high tides, which caused flooding. The blizzard in Italy interrupted traffic and there were fears of damage to the crops.

A HARD TIME FOR THE PIGEONS : They search for food in the snow-covered Piazza di San Marco. Fortunately for the pigeons, they are fed at the public charge twice daily. Owing to the floods in the Piazza, conditions earlier this month were bad for walking.

The severe wintry weather which swept across Europe earlier this month brought snow to many areas. Even Rome, which had been free from snow for several years, received its share. In northern Italy there were snowfalls on the Adriatic coast and in the big cities of Florence, Milan and Venice. Snow in Venice, of course, is not a rare sight but there are times when it is completely free from snow throughout the year. This year the snow came in the last days of winter and coincided with the "*aqua alta*," the excessively high tide which periodically floods parts of Venice, with up to a foot or more of water. And this year, with the severe cold, much of the water, as well as parts of the canals, turned to ice. For some visitors, at least, the snow came as a surprise. They were the passengers on a spring cruise aboard the Hamburg-American liner *Ariadne*.

VENETIAN SNOWSTORM

Unusual Views of the Italian City Under its Covering of Snow and Ice

AFTER THE BLIZZARD AND THE RISE OF THE FLOODWATERS : The camera looks across the slush towards the Doges' Palace, the former official residence of the doges and the chief magistrates. In the background is the Hamburg-American liner *Ariadne*, which was visiting the city during a spring cruise. *Ariadne* was the first German liner to visit Venice since the end of the war.

THE BLIZZARD SWEEPS ACROSS THE canal. As well as the snowstorms time in several years. Severe

FUN FOR THE CHILDREN IN SNOW-COVERED VENICE: A snowball fight is in progress in fairly deep snow close to a canal. Elsewhere, children were out with toboggans, as well as building snowmen. Venice only has a low average snowfall. Some winters are completely free from snow.

GRAND CANAL: Snow-covered gondolas ride at their anchorage on the swollen in Northern Italy and down the Adriatic coast, Rome had snow for the first weather was also reported from the Riviera. *On right*—A partly-frozen canal.

A GOOD CENTRE FOR EXCURSION IN THE SWISS GRISONS: A cable-car towers above the celebrated resort of St. Moritz, which is situated beside a "sapphire lake." St. Moritz is probably the most fashionable of all the Swiss resorts. Its position by the lake is delightful and it is a good centre for making excursions.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYMAKING IN THE GRISONS

Some Attractive Resorts in the Largest of the Swiss Cantons

By GORDON COOPER

ALTHOUGH certain resorts in the Grisons (whose German name is Graubünden, meaning Gray Leagues), such as St. Moritz, Davos, Arosa and Klosters, are familiar areas for winter sports with Britons, in summer they do not seem to be nearly as well patronised. I find this difficult to understand, for nowhere else in Switzerland—I might, without exaggeration, claim in Europe—is there finer scenery. In addition, medical authorities have long regarded this canton highly on account of the curative factors in the air. I always consider bracing air as a most important consideration in the choice of a tourist centre, for it tones up the whole system, so that when you return home you should feel completely refreshed.

It is not easy to outline the exact area of the Grisons on account of its very erratic boundary. But from the resort point of view, the Engadine is certainly the focal region, for in this long and lovely valley are such resorts as St. Moritz, Pontresina, Celerina, and Scuol-Tarasp-Vulpera. The last-named three-fold resort centres on Scuol, a most attractive town with many typical buildings and a veritable flower-garden. It is also the cultural headquarters of the interesting Romansch or "Ladin" language—one of the four official languages of Switzerland. This unusual tongue spoken by the people of the Engadine belongs to the Rheto-Roman family of languages, and it has been developed from Latin and is not an Italian dialect. It is a musical language, and I like especially the friendly greeting from passers-by of "Allegra" (enjoy yourself).

Certainly in Scuol you can enjoy yourself. Here is one of Switzerland's most attractive spas, surrounded by beautiful woodlands and parks. It is also a good centre for explorations into the nearby Swiss National Park. This park is almost exclusively Alpine in character, and it is the home of many delightful animals, including the ibex, the stag, the rare otter and the fox. The marmot is prolific here, while there are the beech-marten and the marten, the big and small weasel, the mighty golden eagle, whose eyrie is frequently found, and with it the goshawk, the common buzzard, the sparrow-hawk and the falcon, the horned and tawny owl. Other inhabitants include the snow-hare, the squirrel, the mountain-cock and blackcock, the ridge-partridge, the ptarmigan and hazel-hen, the ring-thrush whose *tuk-tuk* follows the rambler everywhere, the small, restless water-ouzel, the wagtail, the various kinds of tit, the bullfinch, the woodpecker, and many others.

Here, too, you find a wealth of flowers, which are at their best about the latter half of June. I will not go into further descriptive details, for anyone who is interested should obtain from the Swiss National Tourist Office an illustrated guidebook (with map) to the park. Incidentally, there are a number of marked paths through the region, to which visitors must adhere. There are also conducted tours operating from Scuol and from Zernez which is really a better base, and there is even accommodation available for the enthusiast in various huts within the precincts of the park.

Not least of the joys of a holiday in Switzerland are the journeys you can make by the electric trains. Of the many trips I have made by this form of transportation none has more impressed me than travelling on the Rhætian Railways which cover the Grisons. The rail route from Chur (Coire) to St. Moritz is one of the chief wonders, for the track twists and turns, rises and falls in the most amazing way.

Another thrilling trip is that by narrow-gauge railway which toils up and round to Arosa, which stands at a height of 6,000 ft. But the biggest reward of all comes, I think, when travelling from St. Moritz or Pontresina to Poschiavo, close to the Italian frontier. This ambitious little railway is the only track which passes from Switzerland to Italy by crawling over the Alps instead of burrowing through them. At the very top is a clear but forbidding little body of water named Lej Nair, this being Romansch for Black Lake. It empties, after infinite vicissitudes, into the Black Sea. Separated from this Lej Nair by a dam and a language line is the Lago Bianco, or White Lake, a tarn of chalky-looking water which empties into Lake Como and finally into the Adriatic.

Just over the watershed is the station of Alp Grüm, whence one looks straight across a valley to the blue-white caverns of the Palü Glacier and up to the Piz Palü itself. Second only to the Matterhorn, this mountain is perhaps the most impressive in all Switzerland. From Alp Grüm the railway descends by a veritable slalom of a course down to Poschiavo and its fertile valley, seeming at times to cling to the mountainside by suction. Do not miss this excursion.

St. Moritz, named from St. Maurice of the Theban Legion, is not only the most populous place in the Engadine, but is probably the most fashionable and the most expensive of all Swiss resorts. Its position, however, beside a sapphire lake, is delightful, and it is a good centre for excursions. Nearby Pontresina, the other great resort of the Upper Engadine, is an excellent centre for mountaineering in the Bernina Alps, and although it is somewhat less expensive than St. Moritz it is too noisy for my liking. Its main street is also a main road through to the parking-place at the foot of the cable-way up the Diavolezza, and there is thus an unceasing flow of motor traffic.

For those seeking an idyllic and peaceful spot, I can strongly recommend Sils-Maria, not far from St. Moritz, where there is an outstandingly good first-class hotel. This hotel looks out over two lakes, and in its neighbourhood are many pleasant, easy walks. Further along the valley and not far from the Italian frontier is the curious little medieval village of Soglio, where there is quite a remarkable inn of the period. The surrounding scenery is glorious, with opportunities for good walks.

From St. Moritz the railway passes through Davos and Klosters, both of which are admirable resorts. The former is particularly celebrated for its pure health-giving air. The run of 10 miles from Davos to Klosters is a beautiful stretch of railway, with its curves, the great pines and beeches of the Rütiwald, its little lakes, and its views of the Silvretta Glacier. Klosters is certainly one of my favourite resorts in the Grisons, not least because one of its hotels, the Chesa Grischuna, is as delightful a hostelry as any in Switzerland.

Chur, or Coire, is the lively capital of the Gray Leagues, and it is at the opposite pole to many of the canton's bleak, rustic Romansch-speaking valleys. It is balmy in climate, with growing peaches, grapes and even figs. It has some notable public buildings, including the Gray House and a fine Gothic cathedral which contains several art treasures and the body of the Gray Hero, Jürg Jenatsch. From the tourist's point of view this town is the rallying point of all the Engadine and Rhine Valley trains, and it is an excellent base from which to explore the province.

I have mentioned nearby Arosa, which is a skier's paradise, but which, to my mind, is rather too chilly for a summer holiday—it only averages 53 deg. Fah. in mid-summer; but it is surrounded by fine scenery and offers good hotel accommodation. My own preference in this part of the Grisons is for Flims-Waldhaus, an hour's postal-bus run from Chur. It has a perfect honeymoon setting, amid woods and mountains; at its feet is an idyllic lake. Most of the hotels stand secluded in their own wooded parks, but the place is not too quiet for those who wish a modicum of social life. Another popular summer and winter resort is Lenzerheide, which claims to be the birthplace of Swiss ski-ing. Then west of Chur is Disentis, where there is a famous Benedictine abbey, founded in the seventh century and claiming to be the oldest Benedictine foundation in Switzerland.

How inadequate my list of names seems! There are so many other small places in this delightful holiday land with its 150 valleys, whose very names awaken in those who know and love them a feeling of music: Maloja, Bivio, Silvaplana, Samaden, Zuoz, Samnaun, Bergün, Filisur, Parpan, Thusis, for instance. Of one thing I am certain, there is something for everybody in the Grisons and, not of least importance, here you will find a hardy, independent, peasant folk, proud as they are hospitable and kind.

Further information can be obtained from the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, W.C.2, and from The Grisons Tourist Office, Chur, Switzerland.

MOTORISTS ON HOLIDAY

The fuel crisis last year damped the enthusiasm of motorists thinking of taking their cars to the Continent. Many took conventional holidays by air or rail instead. This year there is every sign that more motorists than ever will cross the Channel. One air ferry reports a 200 per cent. increase in bookings. It would be as well to reserve accommodation as soon as possible, for many are going to be disappointed.

Lausanne is fast gaining a reputation for being an ideal staging port on a drive to Italy. This gay city with its many excellent restaurants and one or two of the most elegant night-clubs in Europe, will have the only hotel-garage in Switzerland this summer. This is not a motel but a revolutionary idea in overnight accommodation which will appeal to any motorist. You drive right into the hotel where you leave your car to be washed, greased or overhauled if required by expert mechanics while you are enjoying a good night's rest. This new hotel will be opened next May or June and will contain 100 beds. Proposed charges will range from £1 to 30s. for bed and breakfast. This idea should be copied in many large towns where parking at night is becoming an increasing problem.

ITALY'S STREAMLINED TRAIN WHICH RUNS BETWEEN MILAN AND ROME: The E.T.R. 300 is seen leaving the Central Station at Milan en route to Rome, 395 miles away. A second train, to enable a daily run to be maintained in both directions, has just been brought into service. It covers the distance in six hours. The train consists of seven ultra-streamlined coaches with an elevated driver's cab at each end. A third train is under construction.

On right—

THE TRAIN'S GREAT ATTRACTION: At the very front of the train, below the driver's cabin, is the observation saloon. The train carries 160 first-class passengers.

HIGH-SPEED DEVELOPMENT ON THE ITALIAN STATE RAILWAYS

DURING the tourist season of 1957, the Italian State Tourist Office in London, announced that over 1,000,000 visitors from this country had been to Italy—an important figure which constitutes a record! By far the greater proportion of these visitors used the Italian State Railways, and the Railway Administration, realising the valuable financial asset of this tourist trade, have been quick to provide high-speed trains between Milan, Bologna, Florence and Rome, with connections on to Naples.

Recently, the authorities introduced a new train into the Milan–Rome service to encourage "Gran Turismo." Known as E.T.R.300, the train consists of seven ultra-streamlined coaches with an elevated driver's cab at each end of the train. When E.T.R.300 was introduced it ran three times a week between Rome and Milan and vice versa, covering the distance of 395 miles in 6¾ hours. So successful has it proved in service that the Italian Railways have now introduced another unit for the run which enables a daily service to be maintained in both directions. The train has been accelerated to cover the 395 miles in precisely 6 hours! Two stops at Florence and Bologna, each of five minutes, are included. The fastest stretch of 137 miles between Milan and Bologna is run in 110 minutes at an average speed of close on 75 m.p.h., with an overall average speed of over 65 m.p.h. from city to city. This is a remarkable performance, particularly when one bears in mind the twisting and often steeply-graded track from Bologna to Florence and south of Florence.

E.T.R.300 is approximately 536 ft. long, 9 ft. 3 ins. wide and carries 160 first-class passengers who pay a supplementary fare between the important cities en route. The train can travel for considerable distances at a normal speed of 99.2 m.p.h., with an absolute maximum speed of 112 m.p.h.

Undoubtedly the part of the train which has the greatest appeal to passengers is the observation saloon, situated immediately below the driver's elevated cab. Here, behind exceptionally wide curved Plexiglass windows, the viewpoint is sensational to say the least. Seats cannot be reserved in this portion of E.T.R.300, as passengers are expected to take their turn in watching so dramatic a panorama. Considerable thought has been given to the seating accommodation which has been planned on the basis of four compartments to each passenger coach. These compartments are about double the size of an ordinary first-class compartment and contain ten seats. They are arranged to allow four luxurious individual armchairs which can be moved about at will, as well as six seats on two deep divans.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

(The figures in brackets indicate the category)

Arosa.....*Ratia* (1): *Merkur* (2).
Chur.....*Steinbock* (1).
Davos.....*National Sporthotel* (1): *Beau Séjour* (2).
Flims-Waldhaus.....*Parkhotel* (1): *Adula* (2).
Klosters.....*Chesa Grischuna* (1): *Alpina* (2).
Lenzerheide.....*Grand Hotel Kurhaus* (1).
St. Moritz.....*New Posthotel* (1).
Scuol-Tarasp-Vulpera....*Guardaval* (1).
Sils-Maria.....*Waldhaus* (1).
Soglio.....*Willy* (2).

The success of the car-sleeper service to Perth has stimulated British Railways to provide another such train to be run from London to Glasgow during the summer. It departs from Marylebone every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday from May 4 to September 25. Return journeys will be made on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Mondays. Second-class sleeping berths will be provided and packed suppers can be arranged as well as breakfast. The return fare for driver and car is £16 10s., each additional passenger paying £6 for his return ticket. For some reason the charge for children between three years of age and fourteen is £3 15s. return and not £3.

A car-piloting service will again be operated this year between Cologne and Mainz. This enables a motorist to join a Rhine steamer and enjoy a rest from driving while cruising up or down the river. In the meantime his car is chauffeur-driven to the spot where he will disembark. Among the places where he can join the steamer are Cologne, Bonn, Bad Godesberg, Königswinter, Coblenz and Wiesbaden.

A tail-piece to these notes is the news that the first European Challenge Cup for children's motor-driven miniature cars will be held at Aix-les-Bains on June 28 and 29 this year, with competitors from France, Switzerland, Italy and Germany.

W. D. C. C.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FRANCO-ITALIAN FRONTIER: This picture was taken by Mr. A. F. Kersting during a recent flight from Milan to London in a Vickers Viscount 785 of Alitalia (Italian International Airlines). Through the clouds, it shows the Mont Blanc range from the south-west. At the time, the plane was about 2,000 ft. above the summit of Mont Blanc (15,781 ft.), the loftiest peak of Europe, on the Franco-Italian frontier.

THE NEW CONWAY BRIDGE TAKES SHAPE : A panoramic view of the various bridges spanning the river at the seaport of Conway, in Caernarvonshire, North Wales, where a new two-lane road bridge is being built to replace the single-line suspension bridge built by Thomas Telford in 1826. The first bridge to be seen is a fine tubular railway bridge. Constructed by Robert Stephenson in 1848, it carries the main railway line from Chester. Behind it is a water-pipe bridge and next to this the single-line suspension bridge. In the background the steel girders of the new two-lane road bridge are just visible. The end towers of both the Telford suspension bridge and the Stephenson tubular bridge were designed to blend with the ruins of Conway Castle, which rise on a rock above the river. The castle was first built by Henry Lupus, Earl of Chester, and rebuilt in 1284 by Edward I to check the marauding Welsh in their attacks on the port. The new bridge comprises a single-span steel arch about 310 ft. in length. Along the structure will run a dual carriageway approximately 31 ft. 6 ins. in width. Engineers are working at full speed to keep within the construction schedule. The official opening will take place in the early part of December. The work is costing about £500,000.

BRIDGING IN WALES

A Feat of Engineering Skill and Ingenuity—
The New Conway Bridge, in North Wales

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF CONWAY CASTLE: On the left are the steel girders of the two-lane road bridge being built to replace the single-line suspension bridge. A water-pipe bridge and a railway bridge also span the river.

CLOSING THE GAP IN THE NEW BRIDGE : *Above*—A close-up view of the gap between the enormous steel girders. *On left*—Workmen connect the two halves of the steel span. When four sections, each weighing 2½ tons, were fixed in position the gap was reduced to 6 ins. The two halves are pivoted at their bases and suspended from towers. By precise movements these halves were gradually lowered and the gap further reduced to three-quarters of an inch, bringing bolts on each side into line. A steel plate was then inserted between them thereby completing the join. *Below*—A general view of the steel span, as seen from the Llandudno Junction end of the existing suspension bridge.

THOUSANDS ATTEND A VAST OPEN-AIR AUDIENCE GIVEN BY THE POPE AT THE VATICAN : In this general view of St. Peter's Square the camera looks across a section of the vast crowd towards the throne from which the Pope was to make his speech. The occasion was the anniversary of the establishment of youth organisations of Catholic Action. It was also the first public outdoor appearance of the Pope since he cancelled the traditional festivities for the anniversary of his Coronation. He had made his decision in view of the Bellandi case earlier this year, in which the Bishop of Prato was fined by a civil court for defamation of character of the plaintiffs, Signor and Signora Bellandi. The verdict of the Court was taken in church circles in Italy as a blow to the authority of the Vatican.

OUTDOOR AUDIENCE AT THE VATICAN

Thousands of Young People Flock to St. Peter's Square for an Address by the Pope

HIS HOLINESS ARRIVES FOR THE AUDIENCE : In the foreground the Pope is being carried to the throne from which he addressed the vast crowd in the Piazza San Pietro. On each side of the square are the two colonnades with which Bernini enclosed his masterpiece forming the approach to St. Peter's. *On right*—A closer view of the Papal procession through the Piazza.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE OLD TOWER LOOMS COVENTRY'S NEW CATHEDRAL: The nave walls are now about 20 ft. high. The spire on the left is that of the old Cathedral, most of which was destroyed by enemy action in 1940. The spire on the right is that of Holy Trinity Church.

During a bombing raid in November 1940, enemy aircraft almost entirely destroyed Coventry Cathedral. Since work began in 1954, the building of the new Coventry Cathedral has been progressing rapidly, and the striking outline is beginning to take shape. Professor Basil Spence, the architect, has made minor modifications to his original plan but the general pattern of the design remains the same. One of the most interesting features of this is the way in which the Gothic tower and war-damaged ruins of the 500-year-old building have been incorporated in the new church, although the latter is completely modern in style. The whole of the exterior is to be of pink-grey sandstone which will harmonise in colour with the ruins. The ceiling of the nave will take the form of an immense canopy, or baldachino, and will be made of thin but very strong reinforced concrete. The nave, 270 ft. long and 80 ft. wide, is approximately the same size as that of the old Cathedral but when finished it will be some 20 ft. higher.

COVENTRY'S CATHEDRAL

A Further Stage in the Construction of the New Building

On right—

LOOKING DOWN ON THE FOUNDATIONS: The view shows work on the construction of the main superstructure of the new Cathedral. It stands at right angles to the old Cathedral and runs from north to south, the altar being at the north end.

COAL OFF THE TOP:

Must Opencast Mining Go On? A Vital Question as Coal Stocks Pile Up

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ON several occasions since the war—generally at times when Britain has been desperately short of coal, if not indeed importing it from America—statements have solemnly been made in Parliament about the date when opencast coal mining in Britain would come to an end. The dates have duly arrived, and passed: the opencast mining has gone steadily on, because nobody has been prepared to do without the coal. To-day the supply position is reversed: the country has far more coal than it knows what to do with. Yet before Parliament, gradually working its way through standing committee, is a Bill that extends for ten years the power under which the National Coal Board will be able to make compulsory use of land for opencast mining, for periods which may themselves last up to ten years. This gives this bitterly resented form of coal extraction, at a time of coal surplus, a new lease of up to twenty years' life.

The latest demand that, in these circumstances, opencast mining should stop, has come not from the small but resolute band of agricultural landowners and defenders of rural England but from another group whose interests now collide directly with the vast excavators and dump trucks of the opencast workings—the National Union of Mineworkers. With 8,000,000 tons of coal in its own stocks, and more than twice as much as that distributed round the country in its customers' yards and cellars, Britain's mining industry is thinking rather carefully about "marginal" production, and to a miner, opencast coal looks absolutely marginal.

It seems likely that Saturday working—which to the National Coal Board is inefficient but can be profitable tonnage, and to a miner is extra but extra well-paid work—will be suspended at least during this summer. That will cut the miners' total earnings. Before they agree to the next step, the closing of some of the unprofitable collieries, the miners are certain to argue strongly that opencast should go first—or at least should begin to tail off.

There will be plenty of people outside mining to agree with them. Opencast mining has gone on in this country for only about fifteen years; few industrial operations, over so short a period, have aroused quite such bitter opposition. Farmers, understandably, abhor it; the ordinary untutored townsman, if he happens to come upon a site "coaling" while driving through the country or even encounters a clear photograph of one, is likely to find it rather shocking. Even its defenders admit it is, during operations, an ugly business. But it is also a highly efficient, and profitable business: and this is the rub for the Coal Board, which is hardly in any position to throw away profits just at the moment.

Opencast mining, quite simply, is quarrying for coal seams that lie shallow, close to the surface. Other countries, with less tidy and less parcelled-up countrysides, are more used to it: roughly a quarter of American coal production, for example, is obtained by this method of "strip mining." In Britain, its contribution is proportionally much smaller. Out of 223,700,000 tons of coal produced here last year, only about 13,500,000 tons, or 6 per cent. of the total, were produced from opencast workings. Since opencast operations began at the end of 1942, as an emergency measure, about 160,000,000 tons in all have been taken off the surface of Britain.

In 1952, the Coal Board took over responsibility for these operations from the Ministry (then of Fuel and Power): but, in fact, the work has continued to be carried out by private enterprise. Opencast working is, indeed, not really mining at all, but civil engineering: and it is carried out by firms of civil engineers. The board "lets out" a contract to extract the coal from a given seam under a given area to the contractor: it is then up to the contractor how fast he gets it out.

Physically, opencast working is one of the heaviest jobs of "muck shifting," to use the industry's own phrase, that exists in civil engineering. Little else except, perhaps, the building of earthwork dams, involves the moving of such vast tonnages, or such heavy plant to do the dirty job. In order to get out 1 ton of opencast coal a contractor may have to shift 10 tons of earth in the "overburden" on top of the seam and up to 200 ft. of this may have to be moved away before the mechanical shovels can get to the coal face.

Opencast operations are generally on a big scale, covering acres of land, and using specialised heavy equipment. The first job in working a site is to remove the topsoil with tractors and scrapers: this soil has to be carefully stored and kept apart from the subsoil beneath. These underlying strata are scooped away by big "walking draglines" which may drag away up to 30 tons of rock and earth in one gulp of their big steel buckets. Their characteristic job of picking up the overburden and casting it to one side into vast piles gives "opencast" operations their name.

In the deeper excavations these big draglines may have shovels fitted instead of buckets and may work by shifting the earth and rock into big Euclid dump trucks which carry it away. When the coal is laid bare, mechanical shovels cut it out. This, too, is carted away, mainly to small-scale screening plants which sort it out into saleable grades of coal. On the average, one gets about 2,500 tons of coal from underneath an acre of ground.

DIGGING FOR COAL IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE: This general view, taken from the air, shows one of the opencast coal sites which were established at Shipley shortly after the war. The site was closed at the end of 1950. During the five years that the site was being worked 1,093,389 tons of coal were quarried from it. The contractors were John Laing and Son Ltd.

The Coal Board, and the contractors, are fond of calculating that this amount of coal represents about 140 times the value of the crops which could be produced on the acre of land in question during the period before it can be handed back to the farmer. Agricultural experts sometimes reply that opencast mining may have destroyed or permanently impaired the long-term fertility of the land it so rudely disturbs, so that the equation is not quite so simple. This is still largely a matter of opinion. But it is fair to say that more is done in the way of restoration after opencast mining than after perhaps any other kind of quarrying.

In opencast coal, the overburden is steadily replaced as the coal is taken out, leaving the surface level, though lower than before. The topsoil is put back after work at the site is finished. The land is then handed over to local agricultural committees for cultivation aimed not at crop yield but at restoring fertility and soil structure. When this is done, it is handed back to the farmer; after allowing time for subsidence, the land is drained or the farmer gets a grant for drainage. It is still too early, perhaps, to come to any final verdict upon the efficacy of this latest "code of restoration"; but certainly the results of opencast mining are likely to be less trouble to a farmer than the effects of taking out the same coal by shallow mining from underground.

Restoration, it has been calculated, may cost the Coal Board £250 an acre, or more than the open-market value of much of the land concerned; that would mean perhaps a couple of shillings a ton on the coal taken from underneath the land. Nevertheless, opencast coal, in 1956, was costing the Coal Board only about 53s. a ton, after allowing for amortisation of the equipment concerned and a profit for the contractors: since this compared with average mining costs of 74s. 5d. a ton and average proceeds for opencast coal, at that time, of 67s. 8d. a ton, the Coal Board was then making £8,600,000 of operating profit out of its contracts.

Within Britain's coal surplus there is still a shortage of large coal; the glut is of small. There was a time when the proportion of large coal in opencast coal was much smaller than in mined coal: to-day, with mechanical mining tending to break down the coal into smaller sizes from the pits, there is not so much difference. Some 20 per cent. of the country's anthracite comes from opencast working. Nevertheless, two-thirds of the opencast coal produced is small coal, fit mainly for steam-raising in the power stations: and this is hard to sell to-day.

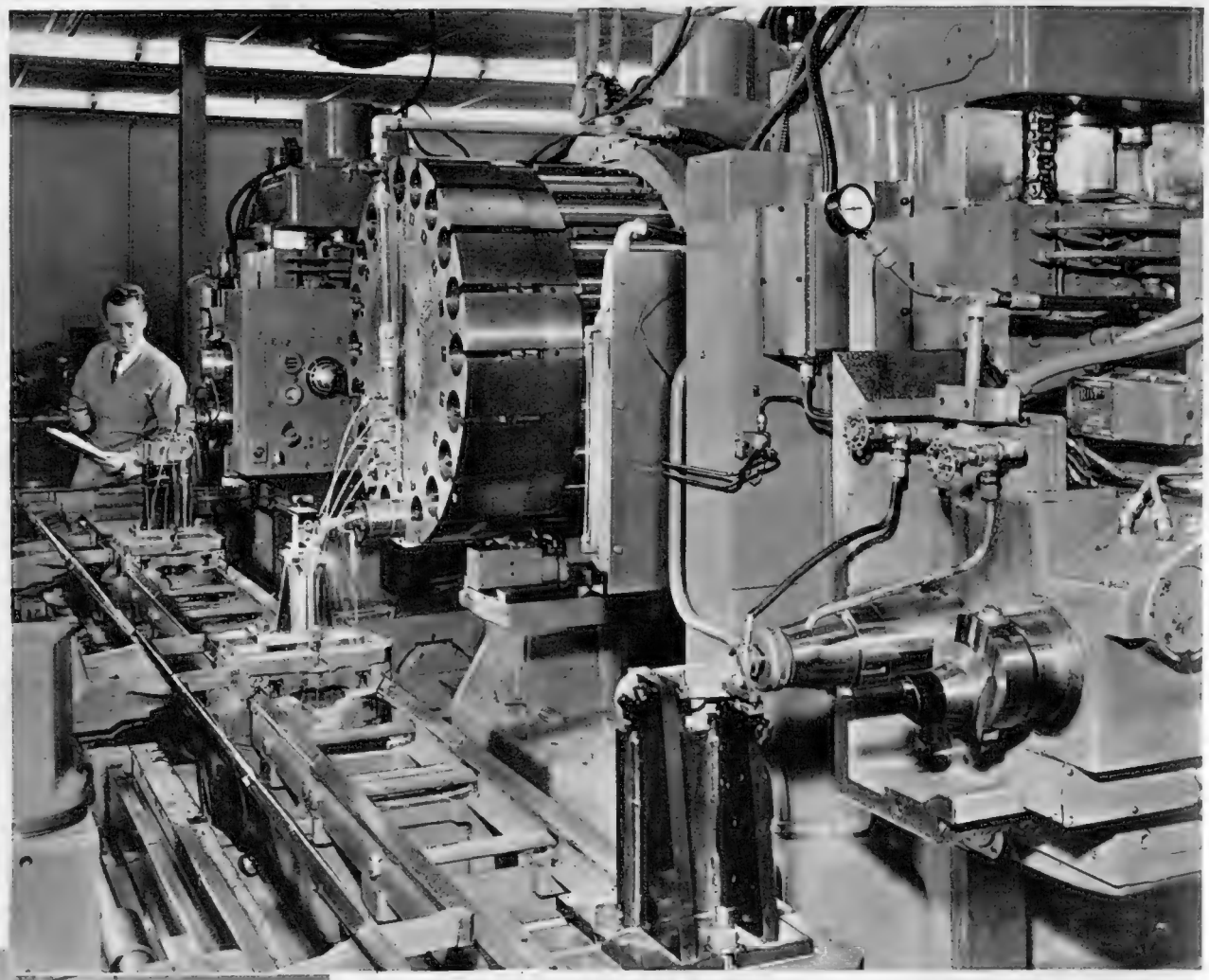
Even if a decision to close down opencast operations were taken now, it would take years to run down completely, because several large contracts, including one for 20,000,000 tons of coal from a single site in Scotland, have only recently been "let." But it is often argued that opencast working, which gives relatively quick access to unused coal measures, represents one of Britain's few "strategic reserves" of coal, for what that is worth.

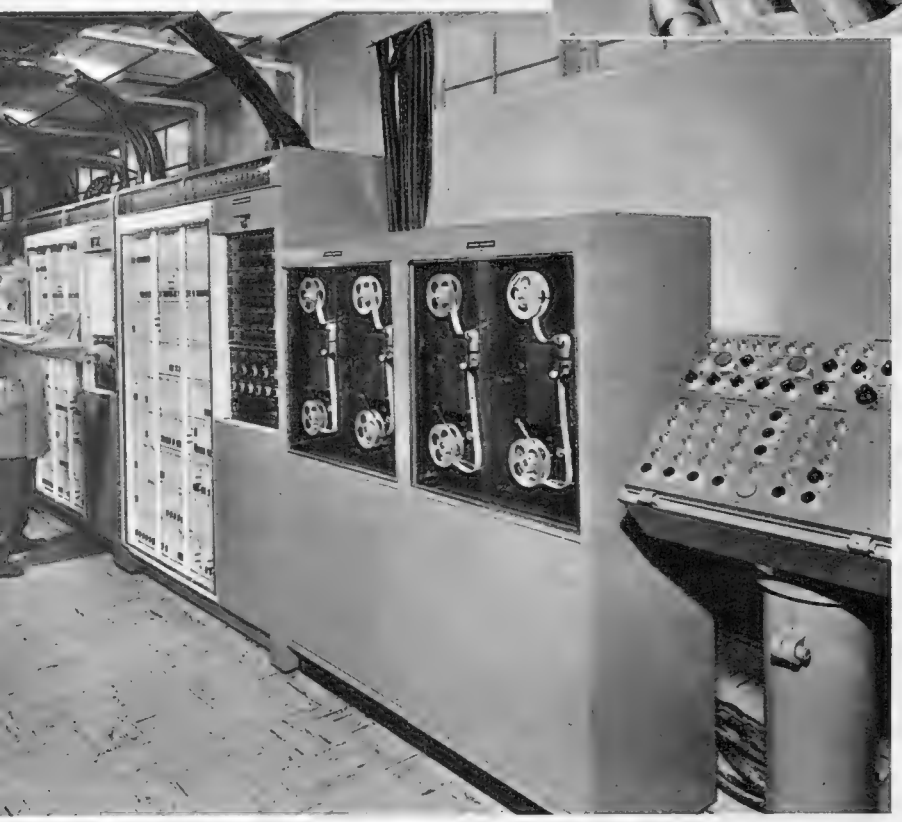
Though the Coal Board now reckons that it has "proved" some 70,000,000 tons more coal that could practicably be worked, and its geologists are steadily locating more, it may soon come under pressure, from farmers and miners alike, to leave that coal alone—unless, or until, Britain becomes short of coal again.

AUTOMATION IN THE UNITED STATES

The new machinery which has been installed at the factory of the Hughes Aircraft Company, in Los Angeles, has been described as the United States' "first all-electronically controlled line of machine tools." It has been developed in co-operation with the Kearney and Trecker Corporation of Milwaukee. The "automatic factory" is producing parts for the United States Air Force interceptor planes, and the use of printed circuits, transistors and other similar components saves space and reduces maintenance costs.

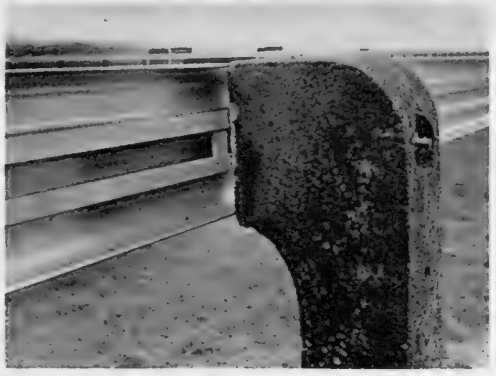
The picture *on the right* shows the production line in action. From the left are the milling, drilling and boring machines, in front of which is a conveyer-belt which carries the tools along automatically after each machining operation has been completed. The machine is operated by what is known as Digitape electronic controls, the cabinets for which are shown in the picture *below*. On the extreme right is the master control panel with its array of switches and bulbs, which starts and stops the tape readers, machines and transfer line. Next to this are the four tape readers which feed tape through sensitive fingers that "feel" the punched information. To the left again is the control cabinet for the boring machine. In this cabinet the information from the tape readers is converted into instructions for the machine's movements and operations. The other cabinets house the controls for the drilling and milling machines. They are situated beyond the man who is making a routine examination of the mechanism.





On left—

NEWBURY'S NEW RUNNING RAIL



The running rails at a racecourse are normally made of wood. To maintain their appearance and preservation, they have to be continually repainted, generally once a season—and with several miles of railing involved this can be a very expensive and lengthy procedure. This year, at Newbury, in Berkshire, visitors will see on the far side of the course, opposite the grandstand, a new type of rail constructed of unpainted aluminium. The object of the installation is to confirm that, although the brightness of the aluminium will tone down, it will not require painting, thus making an adequate saving in maintenance costs. The rail has been designed by Northern Aluminium Co. Ltd., in conjunction with the Jockey Club. It has a broad, flat surface on the racing side (top picture) and, as shown in the bottom picture, an integral lipped-channel at the back which serves the dual purpose of strengthening the rail and acting as a holding groove for the securing bolts.

THE VANGUARD NEARS COMPLETION

On right—

Inside the aviation works of Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Ltd., at Weybridge, in Surrey, the 122-ft. fuselage of the first Vickers Vanguard turbo-prop airliner has just moved into the final assembly stage. A prominent feature of the fuselage is the Viscount-type "picture window"—an outward sign of the 1,000,000 hours of Viscount operations behind this second generation Vickers airliner. At a time of increasing airline costs, the Vanguard is designed to offer fast and highly economic operations on all routes of up to 2,600 miles, the design being based on Vickers' experience of meeting the requirements of over thirty operators with the Viscount. An important feature of the new airliner is its "double-bubble" fuselage, providing accommodation for 76 to 117 passengers on the upper deck and unusually generous freight stowage in the two lower-deck cargo compartments. For off-peak or off-season operation these compartments can be filled with 17,000 lb. of freight, enabling the Vanguard to carry a full payload with only 30 per cent. of its seats filled. As an alternative measure the airliner's lower-deck can be used for low-density freight.

HYDRAULIC POWER GRAB

The latest addition to the wide range of attachments to the Dinkum Digger Major Trench Excavator is the Whitlock Hydraulic Power Grab. It is described as being the first all-hydraulic tractor-mounted power grab in the country. The grab can be used for many purposes. These include loading and unloading; digging holes suitable for installing poles to a depth of 9 ft. and carrying out mass excavation to a depth of 16 ft. It can also be used for ditch cleaning and other clearance work. The grab jaws, which are hydraulically operated, have one particular advantage over the cable-operated type. When digging in difficult materials, tremendous down-pressure can be exerted on the jaws while they are being closed.

DOUBLE-DECKER ROAD PROJECT

If a plan put forward by the Minister of Transport is adopted, Britain will have its first double-decker road. The Minister has invited comments of local authorities on his plans for construction of a two-tier road starting near the Chiswick fly-over on the western outskirts of London and continuing to a point near Boston Manor Road, in Brentford. The upper deck of the road would form part of the London-to-South Wales Motorway and for the first mile of its route follow the line of the Great West Road, which is seen to the right of the drawing prepared by the consulting engineers, Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners.

Single supporting piers with splayed heads would be erected along the centre strip of the Great West Road without hindrance to traffic using the dual-carriageways. Where the roads diverge, the motorway, still carried on the viaduct, would swing in a westerly direction (to the left of the drawing) to pass over a large factory area. It would then descend gradually to ground level to continue as far as the junction with the proposed Slough-Maidenhead By-pass, which is the limit of the present scheme. A spur road would also link with the motorway, to form a fast new route to and from London Airport.

This plan has been proposed by the Minister to avoid the demolition of property which would have been necessary in the original proposal contained in the Middlesex County Development Plan for a new western exit at ground level. With the exception of one inter-change point on the Great West Road there would be no access to the motorway from existing roads until it reached Cranford Parkway (Route A.312 and also on the proposed D Ring road), where a fly-over junction with link roads would be built.

PROGRESS ON THE DARTFORD-TO-PURFLEET TUNNEL

The 4,688-ft.-long Dartford-Purfleet tunnel which will pass under the River Thames some 15 miles below London Bridge, and which will link the A.13 road in Essex and the A.2 in Kent, is the longest river tunnel to be constructed in this country since 1934. Work on the £11,000,000 project was inaugurated last year, and so far more than 730 ft. of the main tunnel have been built. Before the war the two 300-ton shields used in making the tunnel had been erected in cast-iron and concrete chambers at the bottom of 80-ft. working shafts which had been sunk on the Kent and Essex sides of the river. The shields, which protect the miners as they excavate the face, are pushed forward by powerful hydraulic rams to trim the edge of the tunnel, which is 28 ft. in diameter. Cast-iron rings are then built behind them to form the 34,000-ton structural lining of the tunnel, as shown in the picture *on right*.

The disposal of the excavated material is a highly mechanised operation. It is picked up by duck-billed loaders, working behind the shield and deposited on to shaker conveyers (seen in the foreground of the picture *above*), which are lengthened as the tunnel grows. These conveyers shake the material back on to belt conveyers which eventually load it into crushers. Finally, the crushed chalk and flint is mixed with water and pumped to the surface where it is allowed to settle into solid material for use in the building of flood banks to protect the entrances. One of the first tasks to be undertaken at the outset of the work was the completion of an elaborate compressed-air system to stop water from the river entering the workings. The contractors on the site are Messrs. Edmund Nuttall, Sons and Co., and they expect to complete the tunnel in about two years' time. Traffic may be able to use it in 1962.

The World of Books

PATRON SAINT OF IRELAND

Paul Gallico's Biography of St. Patrick; New Light on the Versailles "Ghosts"; Two Contrasting Lives; Sir Charles Snow Continues his Eliot Novels

ST. PATRICK, at the end of the month in which his day is celebrated, is an extraordinarily good subject for a literary study, and Mr. Paul Gallico, based on Eire at this time, has written THE STEADFAST MAN (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) with a simplicity and a sincerity which are appropriate to the work. This life-story of St. Patrick has two other qualities to recommend it, and these should appeal to any thoughtful reader, whether he appreciates the significance of the Wearing of the Green or not. Mr. Gallico has built his book on a solid foundation of personal research and he has given us a picture of medieval days that is reasonably unsentimental and extremely vivid.

Patricius was born probably in A.D. 385 and possibly in the south-west of Britain. He was a Romano-British boy in the sense that he and his family owed their allegiance to Rome and lived by its laws. They were Christian, well-born and, except for the young Patrick, used Latin as their main language of intercourse. Patrick was to deplore his own lack of grounding in this all his life. He was sixteen when he was kidnapped by Irish raiders and carried off to their country, where he lived in slavery for six years. He returned to Ireland thirty years after his escape to convert the Irish to Christianity, and died there in A.D. 461. Mr. Gallico's book, far more subtle than its plain style would at first suggest, gives an inspiring picture of the man who once wrote: "And so I live among barbarians, a stranger and exile for the love of God."

As the strangest of contrasts, one might turn to that excellent and perennial ghost story, retold and freshly analysed in THE TRIANON ADVENTURE (Museum Press. 21s.). It was in 1901 that two English ladies made their first visit to Versailles and, strolling through the gardens of the Petit Trianon, had the remarkable experience of apparently seeing into the past. Miss Moberly and Miss Jourdain exchanged no word about these phenomena at the time but, some days later and, as it were, out of a blue sky, Miss Moberly said to Miss Jourdain: "Do you think the Petit Trianon is haunted?", to which the prompt answer was: "Yes, I do."

Upon this the ladies proceeded to set down their individual experiences and later to compare them, when they found that, although similar, they were by no means identical. Both had had feelings of "dreariness," of depression and of "something uncanny and fear-inspiring," but whereas Miss Moberly had clearly seen and later described in detail a woman sitting on the lawn before the house itself, Miss Jourdain had seen no one there, although she had, near that point, drawn her skirts away as if to pass someone and afterwards wondered why she had done it.

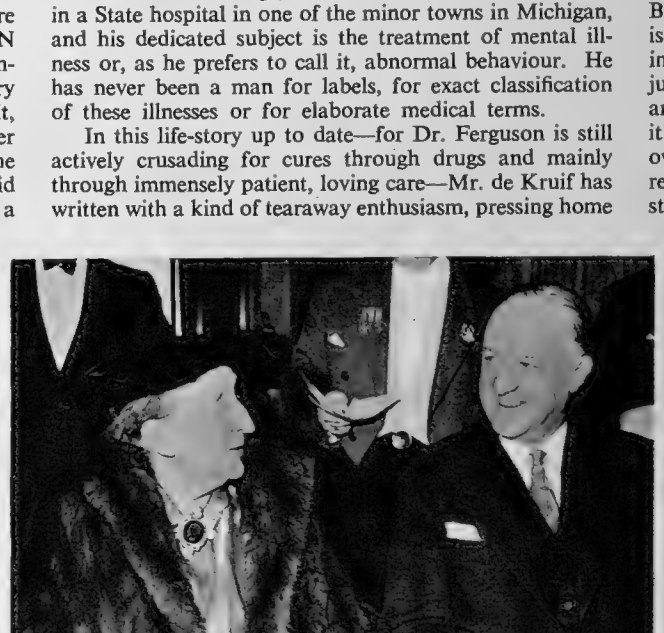
When the two published the account of their adventure there was—as there has continued to be—much incredulity. The present symposium, edited after long and patient research by A. O. and Ena Gibbons and with contributions from the President of the Society for Psychical Research, examines as much evidence as is obtainable and, on the whole, casts its vote in favour of the story's authenticity. Whatever the reader may feel about this (and I am an unrepentant believer in the story), it is a fascinating study and a good deal more absorbing than a dozen detective stories.

The next two books are contrasted in everything except that each is a sober and more or less penetrating examination of a man's formative and middle years. In all other respects—setting, circumstance and conditions—they have little in common. THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN (Bles. 15s.) is Mr. H. M. Burton's account of his childhood at the beginning of this century to his Cambridge days in the 1920's. The author was brought up as a member of a large, disputatious but on the whole united family in a sordid London suburb, and his first education was at L.C.C. elementary and secondary schools. His life was physically crowded by the exigencies of the real poverty of early days and confined by the dullness of much of the teaching he received.

With a restrained humour that is typical of his style, Mr. Burton writes: "When I remember the childhood of other autobiographers—the Boston and Quincy of Henry Adams, the border-country of John Buchan . . . even the mining valleys of those teeming literary children of South Wales—I am depressed at the complete absence of any inspiring quality in our little suburban lives." Luckily, a child may not feel such a lack at the time and, luckily, too, the author's talent is enough to persuade us that there were compensations.

A MAN AGAINST INSANITY (Hutchinson. 16s.) is Mr. Paul de Kruif's biography of an American doctor who had previously been a barman, an engine fireman, a whisky salesman, a steel smelter and in the insurance business. In middle age, this Dr. Ferguson is now working in a State hospital in one of the minor towns in Michigan, and his dedicated subject is the treatment of mental illness or, as he prefers to call it, abnormal behaviour. He has never been a man for labels, for exact classification of these illnesses or for elaborate medical terms.

In this life-story up to date—for Dr. Ferguson is still actively crusading for cures through drugs and mainly through immensely patient, loving care—Mr. de Kruif has written with a kind of tearaway enthusiasm, pressing home his points, emphasizing his man's humanity and his immense courage and catching one up into the basic drama of the whole story, which lies in the fact that Dr. Ferguson has himself been four times confined to mental institutions. On his final cure he decided not to forget about the whole tragic business, but on the contrary to return to the same kind of place and to try to help the people whose sufferings he understood.



A POETRY AWARD FOR DAME EDITH SITWELL: She sits next to Mr. Butler at the luncheon in London at which she received the William Foyle £250 poetry prize for her *Collected Poems*. The Home Secretary told her: "I have, strange to relate, read your book. What has always impressed me about your poetry is the great trouble and pains you take." Dame Edith, he said, was "a great poet, a warm friend and a stout character."

DÆDALUS RETURNED (Hutchinson. 16s.) is well within the present trend of books by German officers about their own prowess. In this volume, the Baron von der Heydte gives an account of the battle of Crete in 1941 as seen by a commanding officer of the *Wehrmacht*, describes the parachute landings, the fighting and the surrender of the town of Canea. The writer, who is now Professor of International Law at Wurzburg University, was, it seems, known for his anti-Hitlerian sentiments. The incident which is described on page 155, however, as an example of an "extraordinary blend of seriousness and humour," proves him to be unmistakably a German. The translation has been made impeccably by Mr. W. Stanley Moss.

Seventh in his series of novels that have one Lewis Eliot as a central character, is Sir Charles Snow's THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH (Macmillan. 15s.). Like its predecessors, this may very pleasurably be read as a complete and self-explanatory novel without reference to anything that has gone before. For myself, I thought that it was one of the two most successful in the whole sequence so far, although I would not like to admit that this was due to the minor importance of Eliot himself in the story. He appears as narrator and as observer as an acute recorder of family scenes and, in the classic stage idiom, in the part of "Charles-his-Friend."

The setting is mainly a big, comfortable house in Bryanston Square, about thirty years ago, and the plot is concerned with the big, comfortable Jewish family who inhabit it. A father, a marvellously-drawn character just this side of eccentricity, has brought up his son and daughter to the age of possible marriage which it is implicit, will be within their own faith and their own political and social circle. Both the young people rebel against this and Eliot, as a privileged and constant guest, is present at most of the family battles. Brilliant, readable and by no means overawed by the Proustian idiom.

MAGGIE (Heinemann. 15s.) is Irish, sentimental, funny, fairly improbable and wholly successful in its object, which is, quite obviously, to entertain. Mrs. Una Troy's village down Waterford way has positively no architectural charm and as mixed a bunch of inhabitants as you could find. Among them comes a new young doctor, takes as housekeeper the middle-aged lady of the title, reluctantly befriends the village's Bad Boy, and things begin to move. Heaven forfend that I should say that this was a darlin' book or anything so broguish, but it is a good story.

The next four novels are American, beginning with one which, for want of a better word, I will call the most sophisticated of the batch. This is THE RETURN OF LADY B (Collins. 15s.), in which an American comes back, at the end of her happy second marriage, to the scene of her tumultuous first experiment in a big, Long Island house. Miss Nancy Wilson Ross has an elegant style, and, on the whole, writes with more conviction about women than men.

In Mr. William Humphrey's novel, HOME FROM THE HILL (Chatto and Windus. 16s.), the scene is eastern Texas, more or less in this day and age. You would guess that this was the story of a hunter and you would be right. It is also the story of a man who passes his hunting lore and shooting accomplishment on to his only son and keeps his indiscriminate hunting of women for his private satisfaction and his wife's martyrdom. It is difficult to believe that a book as rich and vital as this should be a first novel, but so it is. I found it absorbing, odd, touching and compellingly readable.

ONIONHEAD (André Deutsch. 15s.) is announced as the story of a young sailor obsessed by two things—food and sex. Mr. Weldon Hill has created an engaging hero in his ham-fisted champion of the direct method, who finally solves both his problems by becoming a cook in the American Coast Guard and marrying the girl he'd left behind him. Quite funny and quite bawdy, too.

THE GOBLINS OF EROS (Gollancz. 18s.), by Mr. Warren Eyster, a North American living in Mexico, is about that far-from-mild country and the deserts and mountains of its western regions. It is also about revolution, violence, love and lust in the excessive doses that seem natural to the climate. Mr. Eyster has a natural talent and, even if the book has sudden accesses of literary pretension, it is nevertheless full of genuine feeling and its writer really has something to say. **Vernon Fane**

THE REASONS FOR SPORT

A Symposium for Players and Spectators

GO to any League football match in Britain on a Saturday afternoon, or to any bullfight in Spain during a fiesta, and note the attitude of the crowd. It may be, and it is well if it is so, that the majority of the people throng to the stadium for one main reason, the appreciation of artistry, of brawn allied with brain in glorious unison of action. That, of course, is only one side of a complex and controversial subject, and some may say the least important. Sport, from the participant's point of view, stems from the first primitive attempts of man to devise a yardstick for his strength and skill. There are many other elements also, not least the reportorial, and we all know to what astonishing lengths the daily Press will go to record a single football match or a "mile of the century." These threads in a vastly tangled skein are gathered together by Alex Natan in a symposium entitled SPORT AND SOCIETY (Bowes and Bowes. 21s.). Altogether this is a most complete and satisfying volume, and the basis, no doubt, for endless but fruitful arguments at home.

Joachim G. Leithäuser has written a book very much in the Samuel Smiles tradition, INVENTORS OF OUR WORLD (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.). He has done it extremely well, being factual yet always seeking the highlights that capture the imagination. One of these was the drama at Kitty Hawk in 1903 when the Wrights made their 852-ft. flight in 59 seconds. For a long while after Kitty Hawk the Wrights were unsuccessful in arousing popular interest, although what they had done was to change the world in greater degree than anything achieved by a Cæsar or Napoleon. The author's conclusion is that humanity, on the whole, is not very clever in dealing with its inventions. He points, in particular, to the slow and ponderous development of cinemaphotography flowing from Joseph Plateau's clear but long unheeded lead in regard to the mechanism of vision and his construction of the "wheel of life" in 1832, which bore drawings of figures which seemed to be moving when the wheel rotated fast. Herr Leithäuser has produced an excellent book.

Felix, Count von Luckner wrote an unforgettable account of his sea-raiding exploits in World War I in his book *Sea Devil*. Now, at the age of seventy, he looks back on a long and eventful life. He calls his reminiscences OUT OF AN OLD SEA CHEST (Methuen. 22s. 6d.), and some of the things in that old chest make surprising reading and have very little to do with the sea; the Count's grandfather was Nicolaus von Luckner, Marshal

LORDS OR SENATORS?

The literature on Upper House reform, in books and pamphlets, is already enormous. The first attempt at a detailed analysis of how that House works is claimed for THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND CONTEMPORARY POLITICS, by P. A. Bromhead (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.). The book's claims to authority are high. Lords Salisbury and Chorley both read and corrected the proofs. Some of the invaluable help which the Clerk of the Parliaments could give was supplied by one of his staff, and several experts from England and Scotland contributed to the work's accuracy. The published books of Mr. Turberville, a leading expert on the House of Lords, will soon, I believe, be completed with a final volume which may compete in authority with Mr. Bromhead's, whose book is lucidly written and fully documented. It covers the structure, the organisation, the day-to-day procedure, and all the efforts at wholesale reform, from Rosebery's 1884 motion down to 1957. Somewhere locked away for a suitable occasion is a Government draft of a "model" scheme, a perfect answer to the score of objections which have burked every effort at reform to date. If that "perfect" scheme envisages survival of the hereditary system in any degree, I fear it will go the way of all the others, if it is ever tabled. The Upper House, shorn of its powers, a patent anomaly in a democracy, works very well. First creations play a substantial part in its good work. Mr. Bromhead prays that it may preserve its character unimpaired. In the same breath he admits its two glaring defects, the potential voting strength of the backwoodsmen and the unequal representation of the political left. The latter defect is so glaring that the former may be dismissed as comparatively trivial . . . in practice. But not, I think, in theory. I doubt whether any Tory reformer yet understands how deep-seated and how broadening is the distaste of half the nation for the potential right of an unworthy hereditary peer to play a part in legislation. The peerage turns out no more duds than any other class, but it remains the only class that accords its rejects special privileges, nowhere else given save to proved merit or by public choice. These things being so (and the Life Peerage Bill on the Statute Book) there can now be no more justification for creating new hereditary peerages than new baronetcies.

"THE VERIEST SCHOOL OF PEACE"

Robert Gathorne-Hardy has given us a very charming new book on gardens, and "exquisite" is the right adjective to describe John Nash's drawings which complement the text. I enjoyed it, although it is all above my head. To present-day gardeners—of whom so many are amateurs—it affords a mass of useful information on what can be achieved in different types of soil without heavy expenditure and expert help.

He describes three very different soil types and settings, two gardens in Suffolk, belonging to his mother and to his illustrator, and his own on the banks of the Pang. He indicates the types of plants and shrubs best suited to poor, sandy soil, to good soil in a sheltered river valley and to a dark, rich, peaty soil, little above water-level, on flat ground and vulnerable to frosts. From his researches and efforts in these three gardens, intelligent amateurs should gain much useful information. Mr. Nash's drawings may stimulate many of them to try their hands at the enchanting art of flower-painting. The book is scholarly and gracefully written. Its title, THE TRANQUIL GARDENER (Nelson. 25s.), is very well chosen. Tranquillity is a rare virtue and boon in these days. More and more enthusiastic amateurs are discovering that, if they want to introduce some beauty into the world of to-day, they must roll up their sleeves and take a spade in hand.

John Gore

of France; as a child the grandson sat on Queen Victoria's knee; he was once a gardener's boy with the Vanderbilts; and he has a penchant for tearing up telephone directories.

Another rather unusual work of autobiography is THE TREASURED ONE (Hutchinson. 15s.), the story of Rudivoravan, Princess of Siam, as told by her to Ruth Adams Knight. Reared in the closed social circuit of the East, Princess Rudivoravan escaped the rigid etiquette of the Court and managed to study in England, live in America and flout tradition to a remarkable degree. This is a most worthwhile book, much more than an autobiography, revealing as it does the emergence of Siam and her people to find a place in the modern world.

Professor Hugo Bernatzik, who has given to the world such unique documentary records of the lives of people untouched by civilisation, made one of his most remarkable expeditions into the Indo-Chinese rain forests. He died in 1953, leaving behind a full account of that adventure, and it is now published here under the title THE SPIRITS OF THE YELLOW LEAVES (Robert Hale. 21s.). The book is written in conjunction with his wife and fellow researcher Emmy Bernatzik, and some magnificent photographs add to the excellence of the volume.

J. K. Stanford's FOX ME (Bles. 15s.) is the latest nature story by this author; the tale of a fox cub delightfully told, with a wealth of humour. **R. C. E.**

"BETH" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: Uncle Powell, played by Robert Flemyng, falls to the floor with Benjy (Edward Cast), in shirt sleeves, leaning over him and Jerome (Michael Scott) kneeling. Behind him, left to right, are Beth (Ann Beach), Owen (Derrick Sherwin) and Lydia (Pauline Yates). The play by Emlyn Williams, which opened in London last week, is his first since *Someone Waiting*, produced in 1954. *Beth* has a contemporary setting and concerns an impoverished family living in a bungalow on the Thames outside London. The action revolves round Beth, a retarded girl of sixteen, hopelessly spoilt after a long illness in infancy and now a problem child. When Beth's sister Lydia falls in love with Jerome, Beth's reactions become a serious issue affecting the members of the family, individually and severally. The play is presented by Stephen Mitchell and directed by the author. The decor is by Carl Toms.

A NEW PLAY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS

THE PROBLEM CHILD: Beth is with Uncle Powell, a cripple and a retired schoolmaster, who is somewhat out of sympathy with her problems. Ann Beach in the title role is new to the West End stage.

THE LOVERS: The romance of Jerome and Lydia brings out the "problem" of Beth, who has hitherto been accepted as a difficult child by her family.

A FAMILY SCENE: Beth kneels before her aunt, "Madam" (Irene Browne), at one time an opera singer. In the background is Owen, the budding pianist and Beth's brother.

BURGHLEY HOUSE ON SHOW

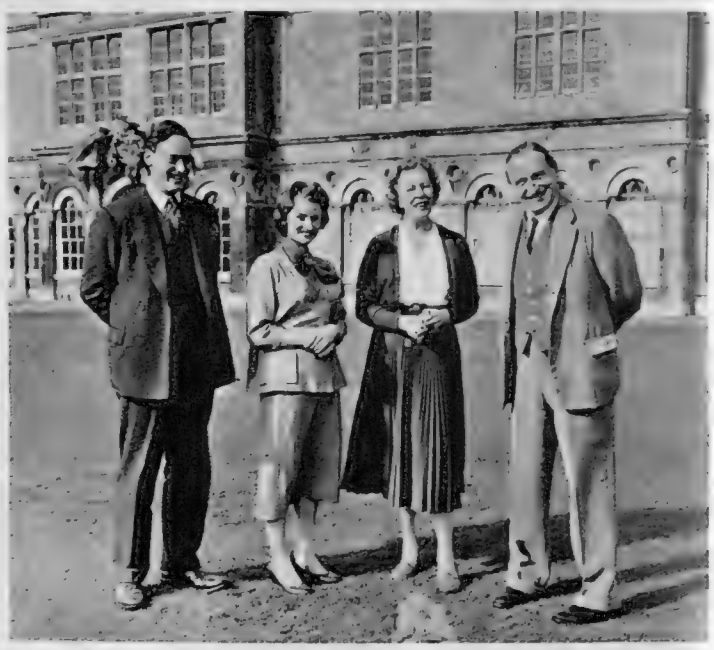
The Great Mansion in Lincolnshire is to be Opened to the Public

Burghley House, near Stamford, in Lincolnshire, is one of the outstanding Tudor Houses in the country. It was built by William Cecil, first Lord Burghley, who was Lord High Treasurer to the first Queen Elizabeth. In addition to containing some 400 paintings, the other works of art in the house include furniture, china, painted ceilings and unique silver fireplaces. Outside, the park was laid out by Capability Brown. Although the house has been open to the public in a very limited way for 150 years or more, it is to be on show regularly now for five days a week. The first public day will be on Good Friday, when the house will open its doors at 2 p.m. The normal weekly times of opening will then be Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Sunday from 2 p.m. On Tuesday, which will be Connoisseurs' Day, the admission fee will be higher. In addition to facilities for car-parking, refreshments will be obtainable from the old Orangery, which has been converted into a cafeteria.

THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE MARQUESS OF EXETER : Burghley House, at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, is to be opened to the public for five days each week as from Good Friday. The house, built in the sixteenth century, contains a very large collection of pictures, furniture, china and other works of art. There are 145 rooms in the house.

On left—

QUEEN VICTORIA SLEPT HERE : The bed in which the Queen slept as a child is in the Brown drawing-room. In this room is a set of paintings by Jan Breugel, depicting the elements.



OUTSIDE BURGHLEY HOUSE : Lord and Lady Exeter are seen with Lady Gillian Floyd (daughter of the Marquess) and Mr. Giles Floyd. The Marquess, formerly Lord Burghley, succeeded to the title in 1956.

INSIDE THE GREAT HOUSE : *Left*—The Heaven Room, decorated by Verrio, is considered to be one of the finest painted rooms in the country. It was completed in 1698. On the east wall is depicted Cyclops' forge where Verrio has painted himself as Dante recording the scene. The immense Queen Anne silver cistern (a wine cooler) is reputed to be the world's largest. It weighs some 3,200 ounces. *Right*—The Pagoda Room, which is named after a scale model of a Nanking pagoda in the room.

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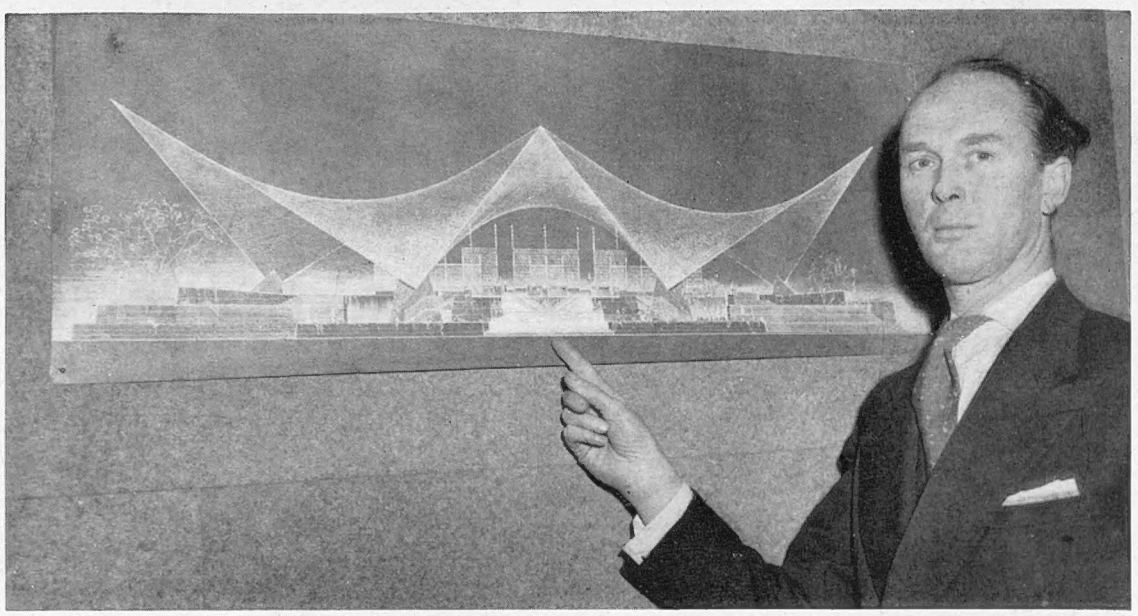
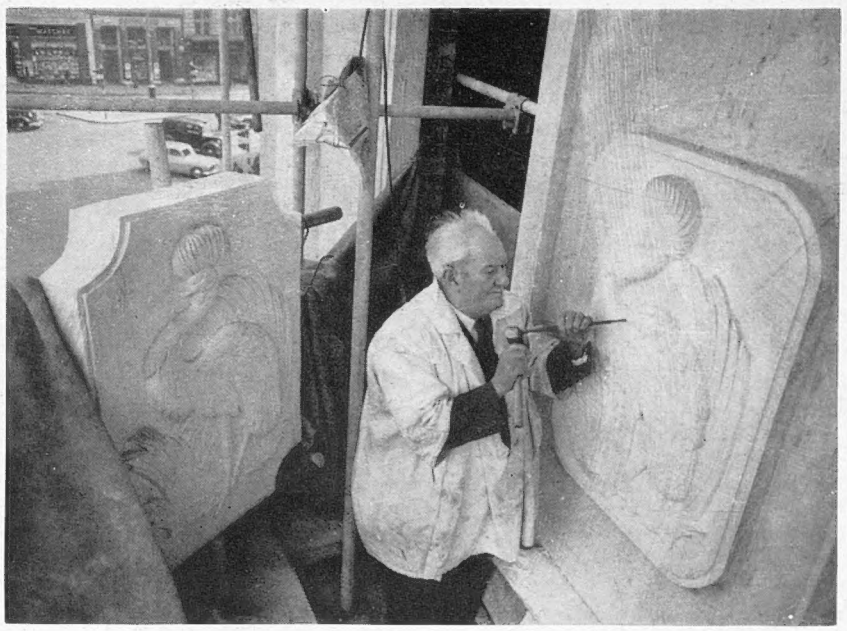
SCULPTOR FOR THE QUEEN: Mr. Namba Roy, a Jamaican-born sculptor, uses a hacksaw with precision while working on an ivory statuette of a mother and child. When completed, the statuette, which is 2 ft. in height, is to be presented to the Queen on behalf of the Maroon tribe of Jamaica, who are celebrating the 220th anniversary of their settlement in Accoupong, Jamaica. The sculptor, who is seen working at his studio in South Kensington, is well founded for his commission. Carving is a family tradition which dates back for at least 230 years.





INSPIRED BY A HORSE SADDLE: Mr. Robert B. Roberts, a staff designer for Raglan Squire and Partners, a London firm of architects, points to the south elevation of his design, inspired by a horse saddle, which has won an international competition. As a result, the firm have received a prize of £1,850 and been awarded a contract worth £427,000 to build a memorial in Karachi to Mr. Jinnah, the founder of Pakistan. The entry takes the form of a Taj Mahal in modern idiom.

On left—
AT WORK ON THE UGANDA CREST: Mr. James Woodford, R.A., who was the sculptor of the Queen's Beasts for the Coronation, works on the Uganda crest for the Uganda Government's new building in Trafalgar Square. The crest takes the form of a crane.

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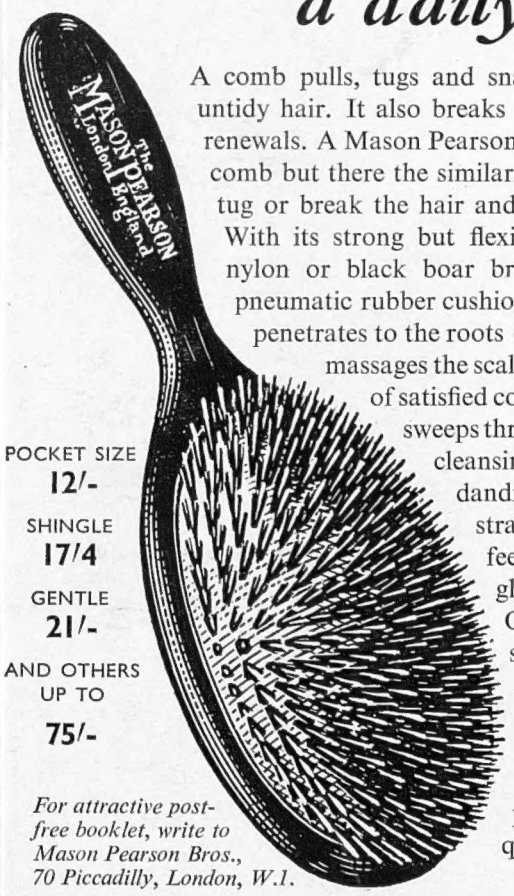

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